THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 12, 1966 35 cents

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.

THE FUTURE OF THE DRAFT

JOHN C. ESTY, JR.

SCHOOLS AND RACE

Integration for Excellence

REGINALD W. MAJOR

BIGOTS' BOOK SHELF

The Campus Scare Campaign

WILLIAM WINGFIELD

Reviews & Reappraisals

William Faulkner CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS

H. G. Wells RICHARD HAUER COSTA

Edward Dahlberg FRANK MacSHANE

NEWSPAPER NEWSPA
12-18-67R CL8-1314
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
EAST ORANGE
NEW JERSEY 07019

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

pity the poor judge

Brooklyn, N. Y.
DEAR SIRS: Pity the poor judge under a legal system which permits capital punishment!

What can a man do after he has had a young couple electrocuted "for giving the atom bomb secret to Russia, thereby being responsible for the war in Korea," and then learns that the testimony on which he based his sentences was entirely false? . . . The United States must learn a lesson from this tragedy, and enact a "Rosenberg law" which outlaws capital punishment.
Aaron Katz

doing something right

Wilmette, Ill.
DEAR SIRS: Free men around the world owe your journal a vote of thanks for your incisive articles on American foreign policy. *Michael Kaplan*

Vancouver, Wash.
DEAR SIRS: I am impelled to express my admiration for the top-notch article by John McDermott in your July 25 issue: "Welfare Imperialism in Vietnam."
D. F. Fleming

New York City
DEAR SIRS: Paul Good's "A White Look at Black Power" [*The Nation*, Aug. 8] is the best article yet on this explosive subject. *Elias M. Schwarzbart*

growth and surplus

Hartsdale, N. Y.
DEAR SIRS: In his otherwise excellent review of Baran and Sweezy's *Monopoly Capital* [*The Nation*, June 20], James O'Connor commits an error which I think he would want corrected. He writes that Baran's *Political Economy of Growth*, published in 1957, "introduces us for the first time to the central concept of the volume under review—the idea of economic surplus." This is not so.

Away back in 1904 Thorstein Veblen treated in full the concept of economic surplus and the growing necessity of unproductive and wasteful expenditures to absorb it. . . . At about the time of the publication of the Baran book, Paul Sweezy ran in the *Monthly Review* an appreciation of Veblen's treatment of the subject. In my book, *The Falling Rate of Profit* (1957), I introduced the concepts of the social surplus and unproductive ("U") expenditures as they impinged on Marx's law of the falling rate of profit. . . .
Joseph M. Gillman

St. Louis, Mo.
DEAR SIRS: Dr. Gillman is absolutely right. . . . What I should have said was that, so far as I know, the distinction between actual and *potential* surplus is made for the first time in *Political Economy of Growth*.
James O'Connor

not true

Riverside, Conn.
DEAR SIRS: In his review of my book, *Insuring Full Employment* ["The Economics of Optimism," *The Nation*, June 20], James F. Becker hinges his analysis on the assertion that I advocate pegging consumer spending "as high as possible," and "exorcising" public
(continued on page 219)

EDITORIALS

Who Are the Isolationists?

Santayana's oft-quoted saying that those who do not remember the past are doomed to repeat it needs a corollary: those who misread the past are even more inexorably doomed to reiterate ancient errors. The Johnson Administration's favorite stereotype—the identification of the advocates of de-escalation in Vietnam with the appeasers at Munich in 1938—is an example of how history can be distorted by politicians whose only use for the past is to justify their misdeeds in the present. A related inversion of the truth is lumping current critics of American foreign policy (Senator Fulbright, for instance) with pre-World War II isolationists, some of whom were pro-German, some pro-Fascist or both.

In essential respects it is the Johnson Administration that is isolationist. Its opponents would favor a constructive foreign policy. Their opposition is to a policy of aggression that has alienated allies and hardened the resolution of opponents—policy that, in the view of such an experienced observer as U Thant, carries within it the fulminate of a third World War.

Mr. Johnson and his aides give lip service to the United Nations while undercutting it at every turn. This is *de facto* isolationism—the sacrifice of international order to domestic political advantage. The reason U Thant is reluctant to accept another term as Secretary-General is the ambivalence which President Johnson, Secretary Rusk and Ambassador Goldberg have exhibited time and again in their relations with him. Why should he remain in an office in which he is powerless to restrain the continuing American probing of supposed Soviet and Chinese impotence to give significant aid to North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front? If it should turn out to be based on a miscalculation, this experimentation threatens to bring on a disastrous showdown —disastrous because the circumstances will permit neither a compromise between the belligerents nor retreat of either from hardened positions.

The headlines show the accelerating progress toward this kind of confrontation, as in "Strategists See Need in Vietnam for 600,000 GIs" (*The New York Times*, August 29), and in the same issue "Moscow Training Fliers for Hanoi." The correspondent reports on articles in three leading Soviet newspapers, stating that at least one detachment of Vietnamese pilots have completed a combat flying course under the direction of "Soviet battle veterans" and have returned to North Vietnam, while another group is under instruction. Inexperienced Vietnamese pilots in MIG-17s are not much of a menace to American fliers, but now there are suggestions that the Soviet Union may supply MIG-21s or the "all-weather" MIG-23s.

Should the Vietnamese prove unequal to the difficulties of their mission, rather than allow a sister Communist state to be destroyed the Russians may send their own pilots into combat. According to Donald Grant, the staff correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* at the UN, U Thant was told in Moscow recently that Russian pilots would be sent to fly MIG-21s in Vietnam, and Russian crews would man the Russian-built surface-to-air missile sites which, by whomever manned heretofore, have made a dismal showing against

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U.S. aircraft. Thant is said to have repeated this to Under Secretary of State George Ball and Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, and presumably Secretary Rusk has been informed. But, Grant writes, UN diplomats "see no signs that Thant's view will have any real impact on U.S. policy." A familiar story.

Suppose, however, that the worst does not come to the worst, and a lethal confrontation between the two great powers is providentially avoided. This would not invalidate the predictions of a war lasting a decade or longer which have been coming from both sides. Ten years? One can hardly conceive of Johnson's predatory brand of internationalism surviving for even half that period. Either it will win a speedy victory—a happy ending which few competent observers expect—or he may have difficulty convincing a majority of the voters in 1968, a fact of which Mr. Johnson is keenly aware.

Alastair Buchan's comments on the Johnson gamble in the London *Observer* are worth noting in this connection. Precisely because our commitments are so far-flung (and, to date, so unsuccessful) while domestic difficulties continue to mount, Buchan sees a coming reversion to those international obligations that the United States could discharge effectively, such as deterrence of nuclear war and economic assistance to countries politically and industrially qualified. That kind of internationalism the critics of the Administration could and would support. It is Johnson's ventures abroad in search of monsters to destroy that the critics condemn and that Johnson himself, were he to reflect, could see leading only to disaster.

After Seventeen Years

Only now is there a prospect that the Rosenberg-Sobell trial, that sorriest of all the hangovers of the McCarthy era, may be reviewed on the merits. Only now may the integrity of American justice be restored—insofar as that is possible after the execution of two people and the imprisonment for the best years of his life of a third.

On September 12, oral argument will be heard in New York Federal Court on whether Morton Sobell should get a hearing on his charge that the government's case was based on false and distorted evidence. However, enough has already been adduced in the affidavits of Dr. Philip Morrison and Dr. Henry Linschitz to show gross chicanery in the conduct of the government's case. Morrison and Linschitz, who were connected with the construction and assembly of the early atomic bombs, now swear that the David Greenglass sketch —the principal piece of evidence on which the Rosenbergs were convicted—could not have helped the Russians make their bomb four years after Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The jury was led not only to believe that this sketch and Greenglass' accompanying description contained the "secret" of the bomb, but that the authenticity of this material would be vouched for by Dr. Harold C. Urey and J. Robert Oppenheimer, world-renowned scientists whose names were listed as prospective prosecution witnesses and read to the jury by Judge Irving R. Kaufman. Neither was called. Instead, the government produced an obscure electrical engineer, J. H. Derry, who had been a major in the office of Maj. Gen. (later Lieut. Gen.) Leslie R. Groves, who was in administrative charge of the atom bomb project. Derry testified that from the sketch a Soviet scientist could per-

IN THIS ISSUE

September 12 1966

EDITORIALS

202

ARTICLES

206 Bigots' Book Shelf: The Campus Scare Campaign — *William Wingfield*

209 The Future of the Draft — *John C. Esty, Jr.*

213 Schools and Race: Integration for Excellence — *Reginald W. Major*

216 Latin America III: The Changing Role of the Church — *Smith Hempstone*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

220 "He Made the Books and He Died" — *Charles Thomas Samuels*

221 Sweet Talk (poem) — *Theodore Weiss*

222 Wells and the Cosmic Despair — *Richard Hauer Costa*

224 The Tall Figures of Giacometti (poem) — *May Swenson*

225 Dahlberg: Aphorisms & Poetry — *Frank MacShane*

226 Grierson: A Strange Fish — *Harold P. Simonson*

226 The Homecoming (poem) — *David Ray*

227 Taking No Risks — *Barbara Raskin*

229 Films — *Robert Hatch*

229 The Game (poem) — *Louise Gluck*

231 Crossword Puzzle — *Frank W. Lewis*

Editor CAREY McWILLIAMS

Managing Editor ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor HELEN YGLESIAS

Poetry Editor MICHAEL GOLDMAN

Copy Editor MARION HESS

Advertising Manager MARY SIMON

Washington ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Paris ALEXANDER WERTH

Theatre HAROLD CLURMAN

Art MAX KOZLOFF

Music BENJAMIN BORETZ

Science CARL DREHER

JAMES J. STORROW JR. Publisher

ANNE C. ABRAMOVITZ Assistant

The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1966 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Tel.: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION *Volume 203 No. 7*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ceive the actual construction of the bomb. Morrison, who is professor of physics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and reputed to be co-holder of the patent on the Nagasaki bomb (the names of the patentees are still classified) says in his affidavit that the Greenglass sketch was a "caricature" of the bomb and that Derry "had neither the scientific background to equip him with knowledge of the design and construction of the atomic bomb, nor was he closely associated with the technical aspects of the project."

Nevertheless, on the basis of such stratagems, the Rosenbergs were convicted and Judge Kaufman, subsequently elevated to the Court of Appeals, accused them of having caused the Korean War and having "undoubtedly altered the course of history to the disadvantage of your country." Sobell was swept along in this McCarthyite hysteria, and was spared the death sentence only because his alleged espionage did not involve the bomb.

Urey's personal connection with the case is revealing. In their petition, Sobell's lawyers state that Urey authorized them to say that he was never asked by the government to testify. If he had been asked, he could have vouched neither for the correctness nor incorrectness of Greenglass' material, since his responsibility, as the discoverer of heavy water and one of America's leading chemists, was separating U-235, the explosive material of the bomb, from the inert U-238, by the gaseous-diffusion method. He never had anything to do with the design and construction of the bomb itself. Nor did he have any particular interest in the Rosenberg-Sobell case until, reading the transcript of the trial record, he came to the conclusion, which he has stated publicly from time to time, that the evidence against the Rosenbergs was dubious and their conviction was probably a miscarriage of justice. If so, Sobell's seventeen years in prison are a corollary miscarriage.

Even assuming that Sobell was involved in espionage, if the government and the court had conducted the case with ordinary lawyerlike decency, Sobell would have served a few years and been released long since, instead of being sentenced to thirty years and refused parole repeatedly. The Rosenbergs are beyond help, but the President could commute Sobell's sentence to time served, or make such amends as lie in his power by pardoning him outright. If the case is reviewed, some very dirty linen is going to be washed in public, and whatever obloquy descends on the participants in the 1951-53 proceedings will be richly deserved.

The View from Abroad

One of the most amazing features of the war in Vietnam continues to be the way in which U.S. correspondents, who depend on Pentagon-type briefings, differ from foreign correspondents in their appraisal of the same events. A perfect illustration is to be seen in the reporting of the recent tactics of the Vietcong and North Vietnamese to break into smaller combat units. While this shift has been going on for some time, only now are U.S. military leaders telling the press what they think it means. The Washington *Star*'s correspondent says they hail it as a "change for the better. . . . The preliminary intelligence analyses suggest that the Communists may have abandoned hope of winning with large attacks on large allied units and are going back to small, hit-and-run operations." He says the U.S. generals view this "with growing hope," predicting that it means "the level of violence of the war will go down, allied casualties will go down and the Communist side will begin to look like a loser even to its own supporters." Well, if the *Star* says it, that means the Pentagon is saying it.

But the British are saying something else. Frank Robertson of the London *Daily Telegraph*, discussing the same development three weeks before the American press was alerted to it, reported:

> For political purposes President Johnson has generated a degree of optimism over the war's progress that is far from justified. There are now strong indications that the Vietcong and North Vietnamese are reverting to phase one of their three-phase scheme of operations, breaking up into small units most of the time to wage guerrilla warfare. This applies particularly to the Vietcong, who know the country and its people so much better than the northern invaders. It is a pattern that must be particularly disturbing to General Westmoreland, the American commander, massively equipped to fight a more conventional war. Devastating air power and the ability to air-lift three or more battalions count for little unless large bodies of the enemy can be found.

This, of course, is not only true but has been acknowledged, we thought, by the Pentagon for many months. It will be difficult to sell the American people on the idea that it is great luck for the opposition to break into smaller guerrilla units. With November approaching, the Pentagon hucksters appear ready to seize upon any change as a change for the better. But Robertson supplied one statistic that blanks out all their bubbling optimism: We have, despite a monstrous military build-up, recaptured only 2.4 per cent of the territory held by the Communists a year ago.

Boss Meany

It is a misfortune for the country, as well as for American labor, that the present head of the AFL-CIO is one of the most opinionated and dictatorial leaders that the movement has ever produced. A certain degree of political enlightenment can be expected of the labor movement in a democracy, since it represents masses of ordinary people with no special interest. One would expect this particularly in foreign affairs, where it could neutralize in some measure the predatory instincts of military, industrial and political interests which benefit by war and the threat of war. But no such melioration is in evidence in the U.S., nor ever will be while George Meany remains AFL-CIO president.

The latest proof of Meany's determination to keep his organization reactionary is the statement of policy on Vietnam which the executive council approved in Chicago on August 24. Walter Reuther, president of the United Automobile Workers, was present during a part of this meeting, which commended President Johnson "for demonstrating to the world that our country is neither irresolute politically nor weak militarily, while it is ever ready to negotiate the war's end." This proffer of a blank check to the President was coupled with a sideswipe at dissenters: "While a minority has the right to dissent from the majority, disruption by even a well-meaning minority can only pollute and poison the bloodstream of our democracy." Friends of Reuther

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were astonished when Meany announced that the statement had been adopted unanimously by the council and that Reuther had voted for it in a meeting of the AFL-CIO international affairs committee which preceded the council meeting.

What had actually happened was made clear by Reuther in Detroit on August 26. He described the council's statement as "intemperate, hysterical, jingoistic and unworthy of a policy statement of a free labor movement." He had "vigorously protested and objected" to the statement as drafted by the international affairs committee and, had he been present when the matter came before the council, would have voted against it. No one in the AFL-CIO, Reuther emphasized, "was authorized to associate me with approval" of the statement. As often before, Meany had pulled a fast one, but he miscalculated: Reuther's dissent was the more energetic, and received more publicity, than if his position had not been misrepresented.

Reuther is not quite alone in his opposition to the reactionary views of Meany and his secretary of state, Jay Lovestone. In the report by Damon Stetson in the August 25 *New York Times,* two members of the council are quoted as saying that they did not like the emphasis of the statement and particularly the comment on dissent. For obvious reasons, they did not wish to be identified.

Reuther does not cloak his views in anonymity. The AFL-CIO council has agreed to hold a full-scale discussion of foreign policy at its November 14 meeting. As Stetson says, a clash seems inevitable. There is no doubt that Meany has a majority of the council behind him, but at least it will be clear that labor is not unanimous in its support of a policy which with every passing day further discredits the Johnson Administration.

Another Dulles Alumnus

Stale foreign policy making is becoming more entrenched every day. One more alumnus of the John Foster Dulles school is joining President Johnson's circle of advisers. He is Robert R. Bowie, appointed counselor of the Department of State. Bowie, lately director of the Harvard Center for International Affairs, was director of the State Department's policy branch back in the heyday of brinkmanship, 1953-57. He supported $1.5 billion in U.S. aid to French colonialism in Vietnam. Writing in *Foreign Affairs,* he accused Britain of being a "disruptive factor" and termed de Gaulle a "challenge" to efforts to organize the West; in other words, he is one of those who want Western Europe to integrate along some U.S. plan, whether it wants to or not.

He is not a forthright person. In his nomination hearings before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee he repeatedly ducked pertinent questions, especially those from Sen. Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania. He admitted that he had been in favor of the original commitment of U.S. forces to Vietnam, but he all but refused to discuss his reasoning in public. He said he would do so in secret, and the committee succumbed, although it is highly unlikely that anything which occurred twelve years ago in regard to the much-written-about Vietnamese policy could still be confidential. It is more likely that Professor Bowie is simply of the secretive, hedging sort, who will fit in well with the Dean Rusk bureaucracy.

For example, at one point Senator Clark observed: "Since the assassination of President Kennedy, both the White House and the State Department have increasingly come under the guidance of individuals who . . . tend to give the President advice which . . . indicates a very real skepticism of efforts toward international cooperation across the world, and this point of view could well be epitomized by the views of . . . Mr. Rostow." He then inquired: "Generally speaking, are you sympathetic to the views which Mr. Rostow has quite candidly expressed?"

That is a straightforward question and one which, considering the present crises locations, a foreign-affairs expert should have no difficulty in answering. Nor did Mr. Bowie have any difficulty answering it in just the style that Dean Rusk will admire so much: "I don't know what you have in your mind about what particular views. . . ." Senator Clark never did get his answer.

The Coming Water Crisis

Speaking in June before the Conference on the Fresh Water of New York State, C. C. Furnas remarked, "We do face a very severe problem and not too far down the road, either." Dr. Furnas is the last man in the country to raise a false alarm. He is president of the State University of New York at Buffalo, a former Assistant Secretary of Defense, and one of our most versatile and socially minded engineers.

The figures speak for themselves. Here in the United States we are presently using about 350 billion gallons of water a day. The projection is that in fifteen years we shall need 600 billion a day—more than all currently available stream flow and ground water combined. It follows that not only must additional sources of supply be found but that we cannot continue our profligate practice of using water once and running it through the sewers (some of our sewers are also rivers) into the sea. Water is precious. Much of it will have to be reclaimed and re-used.

In Dr. Furnas' thinking, water scarcity, like other major physical problems of an increasingly urbanized culture, calls for broad, coordinated measures: "(*1*) Scientific research; (*2*) engineering research and development; (*3*) operations research coupled with systems engineering; (*4*) economic analysis; (*5*) studies of sociological factors; (*6*) major financial support; (*7*) education and training of appropriate professional manpower; (*8*) effective governmental organization with a minimum of bureaucracy; (*9*) enforceable and enforced legal regulations." Most of these measures have been taken in the field of water supply, but so far inadequately. We have a way of not taking our basic problems seriously until they reach the crucial stage. By then they are more expensive to solve—and this one will be expensive even under the best circumstances.

The sea, and brackish waters in some places, are obvious sources of fresh water—at a price. There are no less than thirty techniques for deriving fresh water from salt water. Probably the most promising is the dual-purpose nuclear plant for producing electric power and fresh water in a combined operation. Designed on a large enough scale and with a market for the electricity, the cost of water could be brought as low as 20c to 25c per 1,000 gallons, which is competitive with municipal supplies but still

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about double the economic limit for irrigation. Dr. Furnas suggests that the cost might be further reduced by triple-purpose plants which would also produce such elements as potassium, strontium, boron, molybdenum, copper, tin and uranium—perhaps even gold. Of course magnesium and bromine have been extracted commercially from sea water for years, although the concentration is minute—in the case of bromine, about 65 parts per million. Dr. Furnas has long urged us to try to emulate the oyster, which concentrates copper a thousandfold, or the sea cucumber, which somehow manages to hoard vanadium by a millionfold. If we could learn to apply the techniques of these organisms, fresh water from the sea, with anti-pollution measures and reuse, would relieve us of a major worry.

Since dual- or triple-purpose plants would almost certainly rely on nuclear power for heat, there is the radiation hazard to consider. But, water aside, the present trend in electric power is toward nuclear boilers, to an extent that would have seemed incredible only a few years ago. Both the private and public utilities seem confident that they can operate these plants safely. The dangers in scarcity of an essential commodity like water are not small either, as the current hostilities between Israel and Syria over the Jordan River diversion remind us. In our own country, Dr. Furnas refers to the "more or less legal robbery" which caused the ranchers of the Owens River Valley repeatedly to dynamite the Los Angeles aqueduct in the 1920s, and which still embroils California and Arizona over the waters of the Colorado River.

Image Management

A nurse at the University of Rhode Island has confirmed that she was asked by "a White House man" to camouflage the act of a professor who had announced that he intended to walk out as a protest against the President's visit and American policy in Vietnam. While an honorary degree was being conferred on the President, the professor—Dr. Elton Rayack (incidentally he is a *Nation* contributor: "AMA: The Restrictive Power," May 3, 1965)—rose from his chair on the platform and left. The nurse, in uniform, walked out with him. To her Rayack said: "Lady I'm not ill. I'm just walking out because I can't stand what's going on on the platform." What we can't stand is this corny attempt to mislead the public by altering the television "image" and thus smearing a public-spirited citizen. The White House owes Dr. Rayack a formal apology, but he will never get it.

BIGOTS' BOOK SHELF

THE CAMPUS SCARE CAMPAIGN

WILLIAM WINGFIELD
Mr. Wingfield is a California free-lance writer whose special field of interest is communications.

Los Angeles

Theodore B. Loeffler, co-founder and secretary-treasurer of Constructive Action, states that he was not interested in politics until 1960, when Nikita Khrushchev appeared at the United Nations and pounded his shoe on the desk. This boorish gesture so outraged Mr. Loeffler that he quit his job with a printing firm and devoted the next eighteen months to reading and studying about communism. Toward the end of this self-administered cram course, Loeffler met Maurice W. Brainard, a wealthy manufacturer of truck refrigeration units, and the two of them decided that what the country needed was Constructive Action. Mr. Brainard is now president of the organization.

Constructive Action's purpose appears to be to scare the wits out of the nation's college students and its legislators in Washington by persuading them that, if communism has not in fact already taken over the federal government, the nation is at least on the verge of an armed Negro revolution inspired and led by the Communists. This it attempts to do by massive, and usually free, distribution of books, in particular these four: *Up from Liberalism* by William F. Buckley, Jr., *Masters of Deceit* by J. Edgar Hoover, *You Can Trust the Communists—To Be Communists* by Dr. Fred Schwarz and *It's Very Simple: The True Story of Civil Rights* by Alan Stang.

According to a confidential report which Loeffler issued on June 28 to his supporters and backers, Constructive Action has given away 10,000 copies of the Schwarz book at Harvard, 7,400 at Yale, 5,300 at the University of California (Berkeley), 5,000 at the University of Wisconsin and 4,300 at Princeton. At ten other colleges and universities, copies were given to 1,000 students; 500 at Rutgers were so favored.

Loeffler's confidential report notes also that 15,300 copies of *It's Very Simple* went to University of Florida students and 2,750 to students at the University of Alabama. William F. Buckley's book was given to 10,000 students each at the University of California (Berkeley), the University of Washington and the University of Michigan, and to 1,000 students at Rutgers. "In response to special requests from contributors," from 300 to 4,100 books were given students at twenty-nine other colleges.

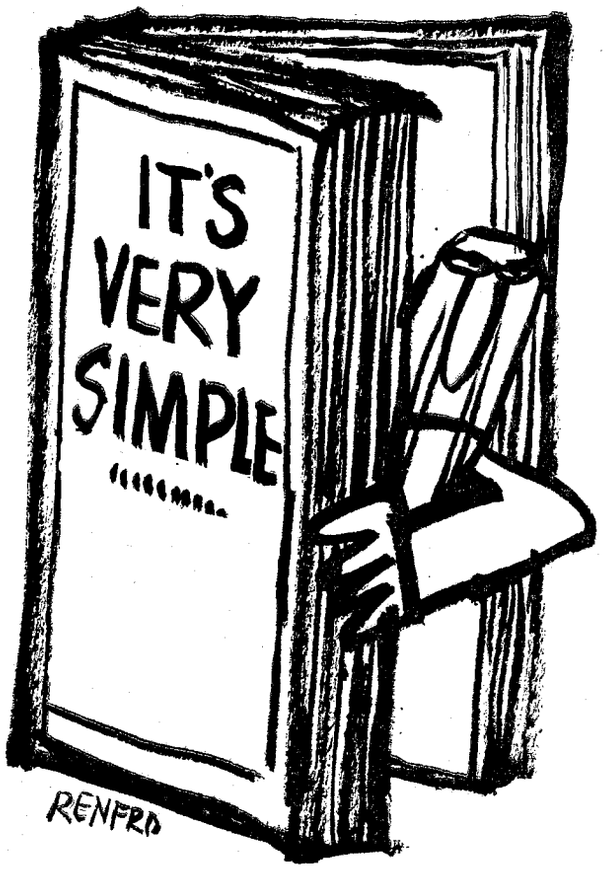
"Distribution will go on through the summer months to students attending summer school, and is scheduled many places in conjunction with fall registration. Twelve thousand additional books have been sent into the New England and Middle Atlantic states for this purpose." This fall, Loeffler announced recently, 500,000 copies of *The American Cause* by Dr. Russell Kirk will also be distributed at colleges.

In distributing their books to college students, Constructive Action works through Young Americans for Freedom, a Birch Society affiliate. At Northern Illinois University a student went through the men's residence hall last October, hanging copies of *None Dare Call It Treason* on the doorknobs. When called before dean of men Harold Husa for violation of campus regulations, the student, Robert

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thomas, a member of the Young Americans for Freedom, explained that he was given 2,000 copies of the book by Constructive Action with directions to distribute them at the school. He said that he had disposed of 1,000 before being apprehended.

Another of Loeffler's confidential reports says that when Texas Tech at Lubbock "would not allow the book [*None Dare Call It Treason*] on the campus, a student got them distributed anyway, through the cooperation of three bookstores who gave the books . . . to students who came into the store." Loeffler also boasts that at Western Michigan University, where 4,300 copies were distributed, students defied their "leftist professors" by reading *None Dare Call*



It Treason. This would seem to imply that members of the faculty had attempted to ban the book—odd behavior for professors of whatever orientation.

Ironically, Constructive Action's hated enemies in the Free Speech Movement have made this no difficulty at the University of California at Berkeley. All a member of the Young Americans for Freedom has to do at Cal is to stand at Sather Gate and give a book to anyone who walks by.

To encourage students who received *None Dare Call It Treason* to read and absorb the work, Constructive Action sponsored an essay contest. The three winners were flown to Los Angeles in April where they were honored at a special banquet and given a tour of Watts, among other places. In all, Constructive Action is supposed to have distributed 480,000 copies of *None Dare Call It Treason* and 600,000 essay contest folders at nearly 200 campuses in forty-four states last fall. It also gave the students piles of the fantastic dream-fiction of Phyllis Schlafly.

On the internal evidence of her books (such titles as *A Choice, Not an Echo*; *The Gravediggers*, or *Strike from Space*), and if one did not know that she is first vice president of the National Federation of Republican Women, one might take Mrs. Schlafly herself to be an extreme, if somewhat old-fashioned, radical. Endlessly, she repeats the old Bolshevik-sounding phrases about bankers and manufacturers cooking up plots in secret meetings, the press controlled by vast wealth, government officials acting as stooges for big money, the Rockefellers, the Morgans, etc., etc. Mrs. Schlafly is living proof that extremes meet.

While the college students were receiving these gifts from Constructive Action, many people whose names appear on conservative sucker lists received letters appealing for donations to finance the operations. The pitch was that the majority of Senators and Congressmen went to the twenty-five colleges selected for distribution of the books, and things would be different today if they'd received a conservative orientation in school.

The first appeal Loeffler sent out listed *It's Very Simple* as one of the books for the students. For some reason, a later fund-raising letter from Herbert A. Philbrick, author of *I Led Three Lives*, pitchman for the Young Americans for Freedom and member of the Constructive Action board of trustees, substituted *Reminiscences* by General Douglas MacArthur. This is a strange book for a Birch-type group to sponsor; one wonders if its members have ever read it. To be sure, General MacArthur is a conservative hero because he got into a row with President Truman and because he was a general. But *Reminiscences* gives unstinting and frequent praise to Franklin D. Roosevelt, and for that matter many of MacArthur's reforms in Japan were attacked by the conservatives of the time for out-New Dealing the New Deal. In his last years, MacArthur spoke out against the very practices that the John Birch Society and its allies pursue; his famous speech to the cadets at West Point, "Duty, Honor, Country," warns against such extremists.

Loeffler says of himself: "I'm not one of these people who goes around calling himself a right-wing extremist. I like to think that I represent middle-of-the-road principles and that the country has shifted to left of center.

"I think that there are many threats to our country. One stems from the growing power of the central government. Another stems from the debasement of currency."

Brainard believes, "It is well understood by collectivists that when people lose personal integrity and become unwilling to accept responsibility, they must not only be controlled, but will demand controls. This is one reason why the Communists and all such power seekers first undermine religion, patriotism and family, promote all forms of juvenile and adult delinquency, and advocate broad welfare programs. This pattern shows clearly in the decline of every recorded civilization.

"Thus, a slight undermining of the foundations of morality, aided by broad social welfare activity, slowly weakens general personal integrity. This further undermines morality and increases the demands for more welfare and controls. The process accelerates into a precipitous slide to complete collectivism."

William J. Teague, another of the incorporators, is vice

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

president of Pepperdine College in Los Angeles. He is director of Pepperdine's "citizenship program," which is modeled after the National Education Program at Harding College in Arkansas where Teague once served as a staff member. Harding College is headed by Dr. George S. Benson. Both Teague and Benson spoke at the "Project Alert School of Anti-Communism" in Los Angeles in late 1961 where Cleon Skousen presided and one of the speakers shouted, "I don't want to impeach Earl Warren! I want to lynch Earl Warren!"

Because of the popularity of Knott's Berry Farm (it is a tourist attraction second only to Disneyland), Constructive Action trustee Walter Knott is perhaps the best known right-winger in Southern California. This elderly gentleman is one of the leading financial angels for rightist groups. A personal friend of Robert Welch and John Rousselot, he is treasurer of the Liberty Amendment Committee to repeal the income tax. His latest notion is to cure juvenile delinquency by repealing the child labor laws.

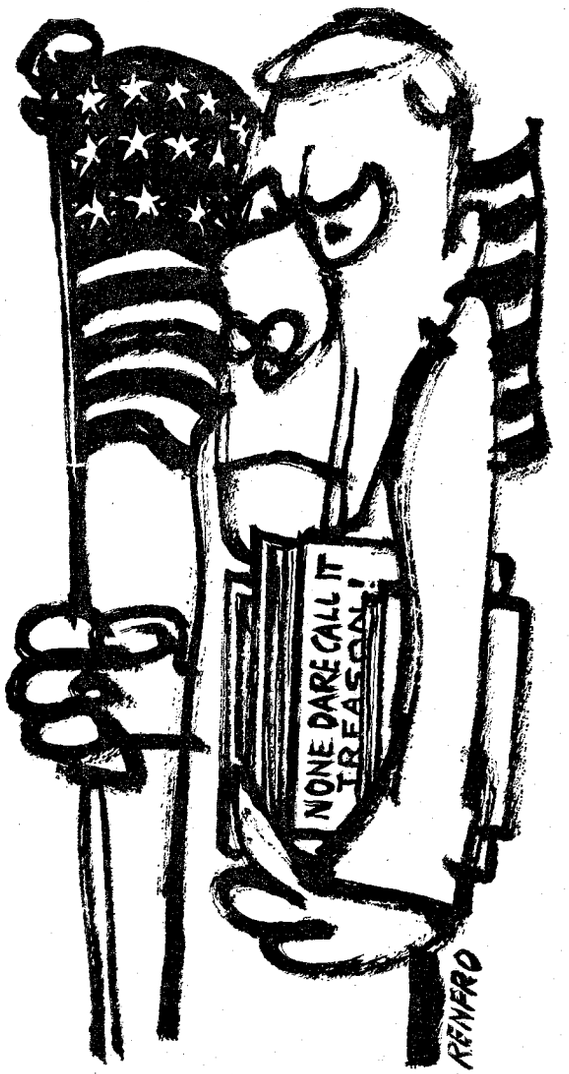
Constructive Action was incorporated on March 1, 1963, and two months later began operations with a project to put conservative books and pamphlets in doctors' waiting rooms in Orange County. Under the guidance of Dr. Frank A. Rogers of Whittier, a promotional arm called Southern California Doctors for Constructive Action expanded this project to other counties. But while the Orange County doctors would have received the propaganda free, Constructive Action now wanted from $120 to $300 per year for a book and periodical assortment including *Human Events, Dan Smoot Report, The Freeman,* Buckley's *National Review* and *The Manion Forum* (Dean Clarence Manion is one of the members of the National Council of the John Birch Society and the National Advisory Board of the Young Americans for Freedom). Seven of fourteen magazines and thirty-seven of the forty-seven supplementary books were recommended by the John Birch Society in its April, 1962, "JBS Bulletin."

At least five of the seventeen doctors whose names appeared on a Doctors for Constructive Action letterhead are known to be members of the John Birch Society.

Along with distributing books printed by others, Constructive Action also prints its own books and pamphlets and produces its own film strips. Its newest paperback, *Pa$$ The Poverty Plea$e,* by Patty Newman and Joyce Wenger, follows the line taken by the ill-famed Rat Finks of the New Jersey Young Republicans that welfare money is all going to the Negroes. Loeffler says that Constructive Action has sent one copy of this book to every Senator and Congressman and to more than 2,000 members of the press.

A pamphlet, "The Berkeley Revolution," portrays the Nazi-mimicking Hell's Angels motorcycle club as colleagues of the peace marchers and student demonstrators at the University of California. While the Hell's Angels did indeed show up for one of the peace marches, they weren't there to support peace. They attacked the marchers.

One of Constructive Action's chief producers of both books and film strips is H. L. "Bill" Richardson, who is now the Republican nominee for the California State Senate from the San Gabriel Valley area. Four years ago, Richardson ran for Congress as a member of the John Birch Society. After his defeat, Robert Welch named him major coordinator for Southern California.



Richardson is the author of *Slightly To The Right,* one of Constructive Action's paperbacks. Some years ago, he brought out a series of studio-type comic greeting cards which he called the "Jab-A-Liberal Series." He also published a conservative cartoon book, *The Fuzzies,* in obvious imitation of Jules Feiffer.

After the tragic Watts riots in Los Angeles last summer, Richardson wrote articles on the violence for *American Opinion,* the John Birch Society magazine. He has now done booklets and film strips for Constructive Action called "Civil Riots USA" and "Civil Rights, The Red Reconstruction."

Both booklets harp on the same theme—that all civil rights movements are a Red plot and the Communists are stirring up the Negroes. In pamphlets and film strips, he puts great emphasis on Dr. Martin Luther King's presence at the Highlander Folk School in Tennessee. He claims that Dr. King is a friend of known Communists and has received money from Communist groups. "Civil Rights, The Red Reconstruction" carries a drawing of an arrow marked "Communist Line." The arrow makes two loops, one en-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

circling the words "Negro Republic," the other "Integrated."

It's Very Simple, the book that Constructive Action now seems reluctant to admit sending to college students, works over this same material at greater length. It also claims that Harlem street gangs are affiliated with Ben Bella's Algerian liberation movement, that the NAACP is "Titoist," and that civil rights supporters themselves blew up the church in Birmingham where the little children were killed. This book is published by Western Islands, one of the presses of the John Birch Society.

On August 17, 1965, while Los Angeles was still gripped with terror and horror from the Watts riots and rumors of atrocity were racing through Southern California, D. Richard Pine and Charles Armour, major coordinators for the John Birch Society, sent out urgent memorandums to all John Birch coordinators, section leaders and chapter leaders ordering them to start immediate distribution of copies of *It's Very Simple* and other anti-civil rights literature.

Constructive Action's publications, including Richardson's book and booklets, *Pa$$ The Poverty Plea$e* and *The Law* by Frederic Bastiat, are sold and distributed through the various Birch Society American Opinion Bookstores along with *None Dare Call It Treason, It's Very Simple* and Mrs. Schlafly's fantasies.

The film strips are shown by TACT (Truth About Civil Turmoil), a group identified on page 10 of "Report on the John Birch Society" by Benjamin R. Epstein and Arnold Forster of the Anti-Defamation League as a Birch unit. TACT members are currently trying to tell people that Fidel Castro's revolutionaries sang *We Shall Overcome.*

Despite Richardson, despite TACT, despite *It's Very Simple* and *None Dare Call It Treason,* despite Young Americans for Freedom, despite the preponderance of Birch literature that Constructive Action wanted to put in doctors' waiting rooms, despite the Birch doctors on the letterhead, despite the fact that all of Constructive Action's books and materials are sold through Birch bookstores, and despite the group's advice that readers join "study groups" when the only such "study groups" are conducted by the John Birch Society, Loeffler denies that Constructive Action is connected with the Birchers.

He also says that he himself does not belong to the Birch Society. "I've never studied the teachings of the society," Loeffler said. "I'm just not much of a joiner."

THE FUTURE OF THE DRAFT

JOHN C. ESTY, JR.

Mr. Esty, associate dean at Amherst College for ten years, is now headmaster of the Taft School. He is a captain in the Air Force Reserve.

When General Hershey announced last January that college students might have to be drafted, he triggered a reaction on campuses that has resounded all the way to that great bulwark of Selective Service—the House Armed Services Committee. The surprising thing about the current ferment is that the weaknesses of the draft and their possible cures have been quietly evident for the past fifteen years. It has taken the Vietnam build-up to elicit widespread concern and political sensitivity, but at least Selective Service policies are now getting the attention they have long needed. It often happens, however, that concern and political interest are not informed by intelligent understanding, and military manpower policies have a long history of being peculiarly misunderstood.

Nowhere is this better illustrated than on the very campuses where the whole fuss began. The draft has always been a problem for college students: seven years ago I wrote in *The Nation* ["Draft-Dodger or Patriot: The Dilemma of the College Student," Jan. 10, 1959] that the "corruption of 'universal' service is corrupting their sense of duty, uncertainty is making cynics of them. . . . It is not yet stylish to be unpatriotic, but the college student can't hold out forever." This spring the pressures of Vietnam converged with student activism to force the draft issue. Yet it is amazing how quickly campus debate itself degenerated into side issues. It is ridiculous, for example, for faculties to blame Selective Service for an overemphasis on marks when they themselves have not solved the problem within the university (where preoccupation with grading obscures the issue of good teaching).

When a university refuses to supply information to a student's draft board, it is not protecting him but is quite likely increasing his vulnerability. Student records, along with results of the draft test, are simply additional bits of information—*provided at the student's own option*—to enable draft boards to keep students in college, according to national policy. The real issue is not which few students should be drafted by what criteria but whether college students should be deferred at all. Unfortunately, moral objections to the war in Vietnam can easily obscure rational debate of the draft.

All this is not to say that the draft functions properly. It doesn't—although, ironically, the manpower needs of Vietnam have led to a more equitable operation in the past year because the greatest inequities occur when eligible manpower outstrips the Defense Department's needs, and increasingly arbitrary reasons are found for deferment. In the past ten years the number of men reaching the age of 18 increased by 50 per cent, while draft calls remained relatively constant—up to last July. The percentage of men reaching age 26 who have served in the armed forces was 70 per cent in 1958, 58 per cent in 1962, and today even with Vietnam it is only 46 per cent. The problem for Selective Service has always been how that relatively low proportion of the eligible males is to be selected, and when.

A few other facts are needed for an understanding of the trouble with Selective Service. One reason for assigning inductees to such nonmilitary duties as bartending and golf caddying is that often they can't do anything more demand-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing. A modern, efficient army requires competent, highly trained personnel; thus the armed forces have the same unemployment problem as the civilian sector. In addition, it is quite apparent that the major instruments of national policy are not only military but political, economic, agricultural and social. Therefore it makes little sense to define only in military terms the potential usefulness of a young man with a high degree of nonmilitary training. What criteria, then, should establish an appropriate national manpower policy? Two years ago, a group of House Republicans proposed the following set of guides, which are here paraphrased to embody certain new developments:

(*1*) National security must be strengthened through an adequate supply of military personnel, but also through recruitment and training of skilled personnel in nonmilitary and support functions.

(*2*) There must be a minimum disruption of individual careers and education and a maximum degree of free choice and certainty.

(*3*) An attempt must be made to neutralize the "evasion mentality"—what President Brewster of Yale recently called "a cynical avoidance of service, a corruption of the aims of education, and a tarnishing of national spirit"—by making national service respectable and honorable.

(*4*) Service—if involuntary—should be on an equitable basis, discounting such factors as economic background, educational level and marital status but heeding such factors of national need as special skills.

(*5*) To be as economical as possible, the system should encourage re-enlistment of trained personnel and use of civilian contracts where feasible.

(*6*) The system must be efficient, administratively workable and flexible enough to meet unexpected needs.

These criteria provide a basis for examining the reforms and alternatives to the draft that have been proposed in recent weeks. The advantage of reform is that it need consider only one aspect of the present system; a complete alternative, to be feasible, must cover all aspects in some degree. The two main alternatives are a completely voluntary military establishment and, quite the opposite, an expanded version of national service whereby *everyone* would have to serve in some capacity.

The "volunteer" concept has finally been thoroughly explored by the Pentagon in a study commissioned two years ago by President Johnson. Having lain under wraps for a year—presumably because it was predicated on the situation before the Vietnam build-up—major conclusions of the study were at last presented by Assistant Secretary of Defense Thomas D. Morris in testimony before the House Armed Services Committee several weeks ago. Although the full report is still not available, the summary seems to find that, even at pre-Vietnam strength levels and even with major career incentives, a volunteer military force is not feasible: it would cost an estimated $17 billion more than does the present establishment, and that figure doesn't allow for Vietnamese-type emergencies.

A *New York Times* editorial commented that the Morris study did not recognize such intangibles as spirit and a sense of national purpose, but that makes little difference in view of the present eroded national mood. One might wonder whether an extra price tag of $17 billion isn't indeed feasible, in view of the great advantages of a volunteer force. Also, predicating feasibility on military manpower needs of the past could be invalid in the face of technological developments and automation. When it costs something like $18,000 to train a semi-skilled technician who will then soon return to civilian life, it may be false economy to worry so much about the cost and supply of raw, unskilled manpower.

The other major alternative to the present Selective Service System—some sort of national service for everyone—came into the news twice in May. A group of teachers, writers and administrators met in New York on May 7 to lay the groundwork for a full study of alternatives to the draft, including exemptions for Peace Corps and anti-poverty service, and an even broader concept of national service. But the attention of the country was really caught by Defense Secretary McNamara's now famous speech in Montreal on May 18. It is a measure of the new concern about the draft that his few quite general sentences about inequity and every young person serving his country, embedded at the end of an address on world peace and security, got all the publicity. What he said was:

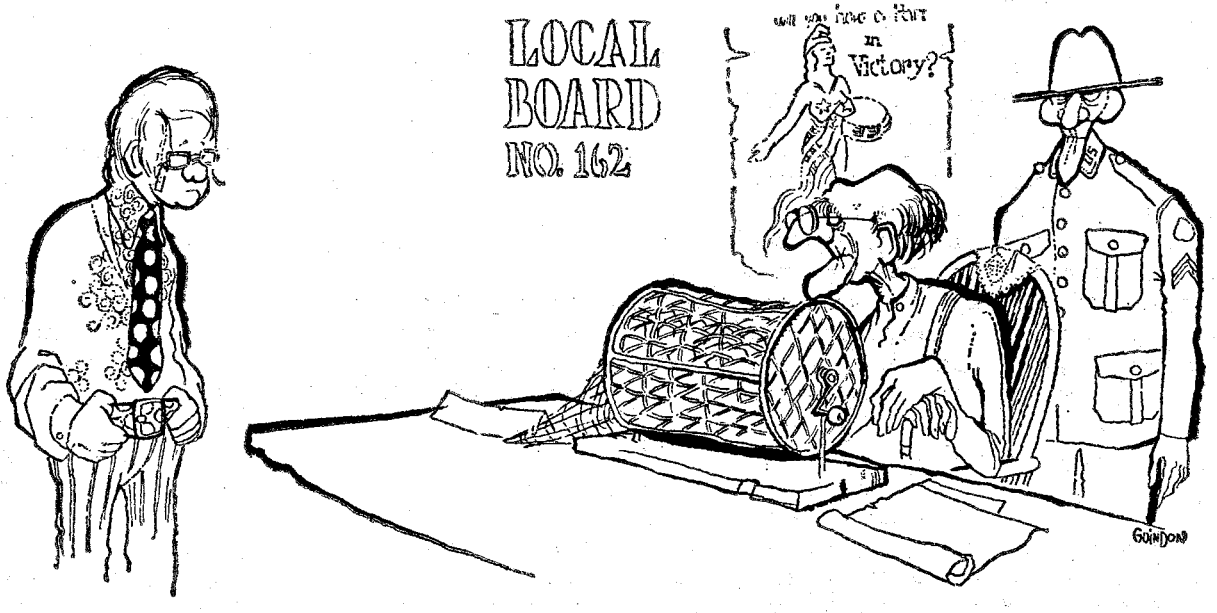
> It seems to me that we could move toward remedying that inequity [where the draft draws on only a minority] by asking every young person in the United States to give one or two years of service to his country—whether in one of the military services, in the Peace Corps or in some other volunteer developmental work at home or abroad. . . . It would underscore what our whole purpose is in Vietnam—and indeed anywhere in the world where coercion, or injustice, or lack of decent opportunity still hold sway.

Although McNamara was accused of bad timing and hasty words, it is perfectly obvious that he was not announcing a new policy, and it should be possible for the Secretary of Defense to muse out loud about some of our problems. The point is—and the pity is—that a reasonable statement of ideals, designed to stimulate thought and possibly rekindle some concern for what a young person can do for his country, somehow served instead to cut off discussion of national service.

Enormous problems are implicit in the idea of service for everyone. Without even touching the dangerous ground of the female side of things, what about service for the 40 or 50 per cent of young men who are ineligible for the draft on mental, physical or moral grounds? General Hershey would like to get hold of this vast category for rehabilitation, his stated belief being that this role can be played better by the armed forces than by any other government agency. Unfortunately, limited experience with Selective Service as a channel for rehabilitation is discouraging. Two years ago President Johnson asked draft boards to test 18 year olds immediately, hoping that local agencies would develop remedial measures for those who failed. Aside from the snag in coordination, the big trouble was the depressing discovery that most people "needing" it didn't want to be rehabilitated. An experiment in remedial English language work with a few illiterates who were allowed to be drafted was highly successful, but there was no provision for expanding the idea. Congressman Bennett of Florida has now introduced a bill authorizing medical and educational treatment for those who cannot pass the armed forces tests.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Possibly an even greater obstacle to universal national service would be finding enough jobs for everyone. About 2 million young men turn 18 each year, and the present enrollment of the Peace Corps, for example, is 14,000. On the other hand, with 900,000 men channeled into remedial programs and 500,000 into the armed forces as first priority, it might be possible to find slots for the remainder, especially if public school teaching after college were one of the options. One may hope that this alternative will receive the same kind of exhaustive study that the Pentagon gave to the "volunteer" alternative before rejecting it.



In recent testimony before the House Armed Services Committee Sen. Edward Kennedy put his finger neatly on the two areas of the draft most susceptible to reform. He said the defects of the present system come from the two policies of drafting the oldest first and granting liberal deferments. The problems thus created were long uncertainty in a young man's life, which disrupted educational and career planning, and the bias against those with inadequate intellectual or financial resources. President Brewster suggests that "service to the nation has been mocked" by a policy which tends to draft only those "who cannot hide in the endless catacombs of formal education." To this General Hershey replies that men over 26 should be placed in a higher draftable priority, thus cutting off the Brewster loophole. Hershey also points out that 56 per cent of college graduates enter military service compared to only 46 per cent of non-college graduates. (This statement seems at variance with the Pentagon report, which shows only 40 per cent of college graduates serving, compared to 50 per cent for non-high school graduates, 57 per cent for high school graduates and 60 per cent for college dropouts.)

Another inequity mentioned by Senator Kennedy, Congressman Powell and others is the finding that nonwhites and the culturally deprived bear a disproportionate share of military service. Negroes comprise about 12 per cent of the draft-age population, and as of last November the proportion of Negroes in Vietnam was 15 per cent. However, the induction of nonwhites since November has kept roughly in proportion to the nonwhite population. It is true that the re-enlistment rate of Negroes is three times that of white soldiers, but the probable causes for this lie in social factors outside the competence of the Defense Department. If statistics like these represent serious bias, then a real problem lies ahead for the reformers who want remedial measures provided for culturally deprived young men who do not initially pass the mental and physical induction tests.

The office management of Selective Service has been criticized by Senator Kennedy and independently by a group of Republican Congressmen. The Senator raises the possibility of better equalizing state quotas, establishing more uniform national guidelines for local boards, introducing computer techniques and revising mental and physical standards. The Republican Congressmen, led by Robert Ellsworth of Kansas, also point to the need for greater uniformity of policy and use of data-processing equipment. One witness before the House Armed Services Committee complained that draft board clerks were making too many of the important decisions, and another witness seemed especially exercised that Lynda Johnson's friend, George Hamilton, hadn't yet been drafted. The committee hearings generated a lot of reform smoke but also enough fire to give General Hershey a lot to think about.

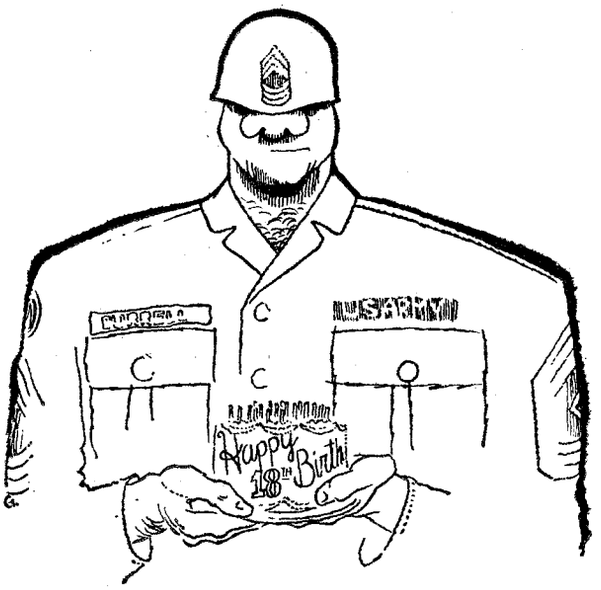
The most interesting reform, however, and possibly the most promising, is the lottery. Advocated by many Senators, Congressmen and educators, the idea has been worked out in some detail by Senator Kennedy as the answer to the defects of uncertainty and too liberal deferments. He would have all 18 year olds examined for the usual eligibility. In their 19th year they would be ranked for draft priority according to a lottery drawing *only*, no consideration being given to marital or family status, educational plans, occupation or dependence. The priority list of each board would be drawn from to the extent of the quota of that board; a man with a low priority number could figure he would not be called, and, indeed, after his year of vulnerability he would go to the very bottom of the next year's list.

General Hershey doesn't like the scheme, and calls the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

notion that it would solve the major problems an "illusion." He is concerned that the chance element would remove the pressure for voluntary enlistments, by which three-quarters of each year's replacement needs are now met. This distinguished public servant, at the age of 72, has run the nation's draft apparatus for twenty-five years. He is a solid and knowledgeable committee witness, for he has heard most questions and objections many times before and has ready answers for them. Some legislators feel that long experience can produce not only wisdom but also stale answers. Yet he seems to me utterly convincing when he says:

> So long as we recognize the wisdom of allocating our manpower resources to support to the greatest possible



> degree both our armed forces and our national economy, we should also recognize the wisdom of approaching this allocation problem with the best judgment we can muster rather than by chance.

But need we abandon Senator Kennedy's solution entirely? Certainly the idea of just one year of real vulnerability —and that coming at the natural breaking point of age 18 or 19—holds promise of removing the disruptive uncertainty that presently exists for the key eight years of a young man's life. At the opening of the House Armed Services Committee hearings, Chairman Rivers himself suggested that the period of liability might be cut off substantially below the current age level of 26. But the greatest support for the early, short-term vulnerability idea comes from the Pentagon report summarized for Mr. Rivers' committee by Assistant Secretary Morris. He cited a Gallup poll, which showed a vast majority of the country's parents would prefer their sons to serve around age 18, and he reiterated the great preference of military commanders for recruits from the same age bracket. Mr. Morris went on to state that since the median age of induction is now around 20, immediate introduction of the "young age class" system is not *required.* But the question should really be is it *desirable,* if it can work both to supply military needs and remedy at least some defects.

At this point an educational consideration might well enter the discussion. From my experience both with college students and with college-preparatory students, I would estimate that between a third and a half of them would benefit greatly from some sort of seasoning and maturing experience between high school and college. That this should take place in the armed forces is by no means certain, but it clearly points to the need for an educational moratorium of some sort, which happens to coincide with the "young age class" idea for the draft. Senators Scott and Clark of Pennsylvania and Miller of Iowa have backed the idea on a recent TV panel discussion, and it should certainly be part of future draft considerations.

Certain conclusions emerge from all the proposals, counterproposals, alternatives and reforms. In summary:

(*1*) The alternative of a "volunteer" armed forces does not seem feasible—unless the country is willing to increase the Defense Department budget by something like 30 per cent.

(*2*) Universal national service has great idealistic appeal but would involve an enormous amount of planning, coordination and expense. It would necessitate a major new governmental move in the direction of human and social planning.

(*3*) There are many internal, administrative defects in the Selective Service System, which can be remedied by forceful and imaginative executive action.

(*4*) The lottery concept would remove arbitrary inequities and biases, but it would also remove rational control of manpower utilization. But the lottery might be used *after* the rational processes of local board judgment have been exercised, when the pool of eligible men is larger than the quota requires.

(*5*) Limiting the time of eligibility to one year beginning at age 18 or 19 would seem to satisfy parents and military commanders. It would eliminate much of the uncertainty that dogs the educational tracks of the college bound and the employment tracks of the non-college bound.

(*6*) Establishing a national breaking point between age 18 and 19 might stimulate more imaginative development of worth-while programs to interpose between school and college. At this point, wider opportunities for national service might be considered as voluntary substitutes for military service.

The question then remaining is who should consider these conclusions?

It now appears that the House Armed Services Committee will not be the source of new proposals. Chairman Rivers strongly backs General Hershey and the present draft system. He has apparently resisted attempts to establish special Congressional studies of the problem, feeling that this is the purview of his committee. Yet he delayed the hearings promised last January until goaded by public pressure and the McNamara speech in Montreal. The recent hearings did indeed provide a forum both for complaints and constructive suggestions, especially by Congressman Morse and his Republican group, and by Senator Kennedy. They also smoked out the suppressed Pentagon study or at least a summary of it. It soon became evident that dissatisfaction with the draft was deep-seated and widespread and, in addition, that the moral dimension of the Vietnamese war necessitates more than patching up the old apparatus.

For these, as well as obvious political reasons, President

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Johnson has now appointed a twenty-man, blue-ribbon citizens' committee to explore the Selective Service System. Headed by former Justice Department official Burke Marshall, it is to make a sweeping study and recommend reforms by January 1, 1967. Two years ago, when Congressman Curtis and others demanded a similar review, President Johnson responded with the million-dollar Pentagon study, which approached only a limited part of the whole problem and was undermined by new developments in Vietnam. It is to be hoped that the new commission will consider *all* aspects of conscription, as part of what Senator Clark calls the "manpower revolution" in our society generally, and that such anomalous situations as Vietnam will be built into the recommendations. If the commission is to be effective, it must be free of the vested interest of the Pentagon and the inertia which has typified earlier Congressional inquiries.

Although the ferment of this past spring seems to have ceased, many constructive effects remain. For the first time in years a Congressional committee has explored the draft well before the need for what has always been peremptory legislative renewal. Now we are to have a report and recommendations from a special citizens' group six months before expiration of the current draft act on June 30, 1967, so that new legislation can be based on thorough study. In the meantime it is almost certain that Congress will not act on legislative changes and that further hearings will await the new commission study. What administrative changes can be made in the machinery may thus proceed immediately to remove some of the inequities and biases recently brought to light.

Most of all, it is finally apparent that the country feels more deeply about military conscription than had previously been acknowledged. It makes little sense to worry about federal control in such areas as education and civil rights when an unexamined act of Congress governs educational and career plans, employment, marriage and family plans—and now even life itself.

SCHOOLS AND RACE

INTEGRATION FOR EXCELLENCE

REGINALD W. MAJOR

Mr. Major, a free-lance writer, was formerly chairman of the Education Committee of the San Francisco NAACP.

The massive resistance of the South in response to the 1954 Supreme Court school decision has its counterpart in the North, where the more polite concept of cultural deprivation has replaced that of racial inferiority, and protecting the neighborhood school is the regional equivalent of preserving the Southern way of life. In the North as in the South, frenzied attempts to maintain a dual system of education based on racial separation involve a loss of educational values.

Although San Francisco can hardly be considered the whole of the North, it is a typical Northern city in which 10 per cent of the 800,000 population is Negro. While there is some danger in generalizing, the educational problems that San Francisco faces are similar to those of other Northern cities.

The San Francisco School District is one of the richest in California. It operates 103 elementary schools, fifteen junior high schools, seven senior high schools and one junior college. More than 4,000 teachers are concerned with the education of 130,000 students, or more than one-sixth of the total population of the city.

But more than half of the city's school buildings are more than forty years old, with half of these constructed between 1895 and 1915. Sixty of the 103 elementary schools have no lunchrooms, although most children do not go home for lunch. There are only two full-time librarians for the entire elementary school division. Despite higher beginning salaries, San Francisco cannot attract teachers as successfully as do its suburban neighbors.

Academically the district ranks below the state average. Its dropout rate of 35 per cent is the highest of 100 large U.S. cities, 10.65 per cent higher than Los Angeles, the scene of recent racial difficulty.

School officials have explained that the district's relatively poor academic standing is due, in large part, to the students from "culturally deprived" homes whose social problems affect their ability to learn. They do not acknowledge that the school environment might have a negative effect on these students.

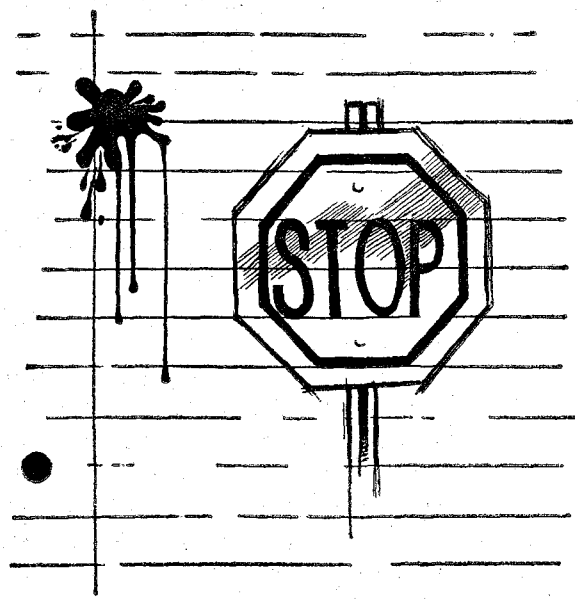
Of the thirty-four San Francisco schools more than fifty years old, fourteen are Negro and seven Chinese. All of the Chinese schools were built prior to 1916. Five plywood structures, put up as temporary schools during World War II, house approximately 1,500 students. The enrollment in four of these is entirely Negro.

The average cost per pupil of school buildings erected since 1954 is $1,750 for schools accommodating white students and $1,433 for those accommodating Negroes. School sites average 146,000 square feet for white occupancy and 115,000 square feet for Negro.* Teacher turnover rate in Negro schools is twice that of white schools.

Because blame for the school district's below-average academic standing is placed on the so-called culturally deprived, white parents are led to think that only the children of minority groups fall short of the norm. Actually, at least 60 per cent of students who fail to complete high school in San Francisco are white. Furthermore, by accepting the premise of cultural deprivation, school administrators and school boards delude themselves and the public into believing that special programs designed to compensate for an inade-

*These figures are based on the cost of schools proposed since 1954, including those authorized by a bond issue passed in 1964.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



quate home environment are all that is needed. The compensatory education programs which result from this point of view are severely limited. They are usually set up in racially segregated schools, which are as barren and deprived as the homes the students left in the morning, and no systematic attempt is made to attract and hold a stable teaching staff.

Demands for integration are based on the verifiable observation that *de facto* segregated schools are inferior, coupled with evidence that segregation has deleterious effects on learning. In Chicago and Boston, protests were triggered by the realization that Negro schools were overcrowded at a time when there were empty classrooms in white schools. In San Francisco, demands for integration followed the recognition that in predominantly Negro schools students lagged as much as two to three years in reading. However, school officials and the public have preferred to think of the demands for increased integration as having social rather than educational ends.

To an extent, civil rights organizations have contributed to the misconceptions about the goals of the drive toward integration. There has been a general attempt to avoid accusing school boards and their administrators of making racially weighted decisions. While the poor conditions surrounding the education of Negroes is noted, spokesmen for integration are reluctant to label the all-Negro school educationally inferior. The failure to make such charges is unfortunate, in that much of the debate concerning *de facto* segregation avoids the main issue. Civil rights advocates have asked boards of education to correct an inequity which they agree the boards have not caused. Boards of education then reply that they do not know how to undo what they have not done. This leaves them free to perpetuate *de facto* segregation on the ground that what seems to be an increase in segregation is actually only a function of an inherited pattern. For, if it is agreed that schools are as equal as human ingenuity can make them under prevailing social conditions, what is the point of spending a great deal of energy to eliminate *de facto* segregation?

These weaknesses have been seized upon by opponents of integration, whose major platform is the preservation of standards of educational excellence. They fail to grasp the fact that a school system which can accommodate inadequate education for a sizable minority automatically places a ceiling on the educational attainments of the majority. Those who would block the elimination of *de facto* segregated schools are not necessarily racists; they are defending a way of life and an assumed social position against all comers.

What seems to be happening is that white parents transfer a belief in white supremacy to a belief in the superiority of the all-white school. They betray their lack of real interest in the educational process by not protesting with comparable vigor evidences of inadequate education not related to race. Every year the University of California finds it necessary to assign more than half of the entering freshmen to a course in high school English. This fact is reported regularly in the papers, and has not yet inspired parents to question the teaching of English in the schools.

It is generally accepted practice to advance a student from one grade to another, even though he has not mastered the subjects. All that is required is that he attend school faithfully and not present school officials with disciplinary problems. As a result, a number of high school graduates are incapable of demonstrating any of the skills which the diploma theoretically represents. And little attention is paid to the fact that, even so, three out of ten of all U.S. students fail to complete a high school education.

As basic an item as school construction has been all but ignored. San Francisco voters recently passed a building construction program which would replace only two of the buildings that are more than fifty years old. The only protests concerning the inadequacy of the program came from civil rights groups, who were criticized for attempting to obstruct progress. Proposals to increase racial integration, ranging from redrawn district lines to busing, have produced an impassioned defense of the neighborhood school. The neighborhood school is a much misunderstood and misapplied concept. The arguments in its favor combine sufficient emotional appeal with fact to make any assault upon its universal applicability prima-facie evidence of deficient patriotism and a hatred of children. And yet, the neighborhood school is little more than a convenient symbol. Although there are decided advantages to having schools located close to home, much of what has been said favoring neighborhood schools borders on fantasy and stems from notions that are hostile to an increasingly democratic society.

We might ask: who are those who send their children to school out of the neighborhood? The answer is simple: those parents who feel that the education available at more distant institutions is sufficiently desirable to merit a little traveling time. Thus, in San Francisco, 21,000, or one-fifth of school-age children, attend parochial schools, most of them out of their neighborhood. The private school is the fastest growing type of school, and the cause of this growth is an increasing dissatisfaction with public school education.

Within the public school system, also, many parents send their children outside the neighborhood. There is no question that some of these decisions are a response to the presence, or the threat, of Negroes in their neighborhood schools. But in the main, increased educational benefits,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

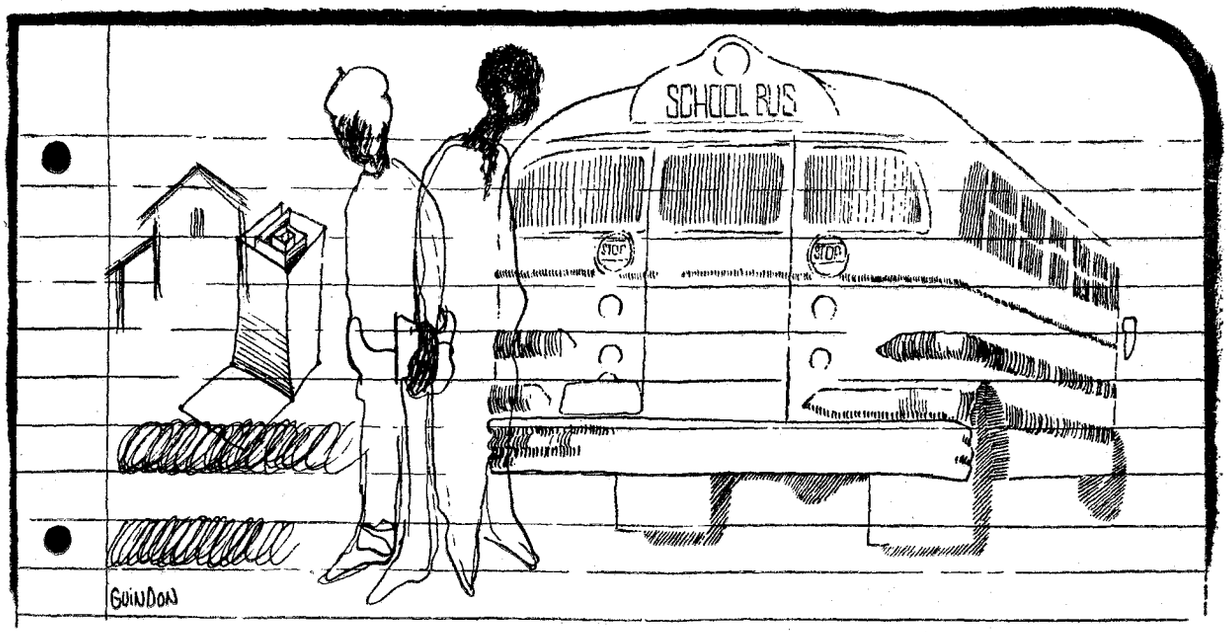
whether real or imagined, have caused a growing number of people to seek education away from the schools nearest their homes. The final invalidity of the neighborhood-school concept is its application to secondary schools, at which level, even in the most compact of cities, an overwhelming number of students use public transportation. Nevertheless, in San Francisco as in other cities, senior high schools are districted by neighborhoods, and this districting is defended on the ground of the superiority of the neighborhood school. A rigid neighborhood school policy can result only in the staking out of a territory, not the preservation of an educational standard.

The most direct way to increase racial integration is to integrate thinking about the entire educational problems of cities. Education must be geared to the needs of a future society which will be increasingly automated, industrially versatile and multi-racial. The successful school district, therefore, will be shaped to meet this future need. In such perspective, racial integration cannot be a temporary peace-keeping, token approach. It must be a long-term commitment to the future society. On a practical level, the school administration which takes this point of view will proceed to build a school district aimed toward total excellence of education.

The Negro neighborhood should become the focus of the drive for educational excellence, and the building of superior schools should start there. The schools themselves should embody every modern educational technique including team teaching, advanced placement courses, ungraded classes and intensive counseling. Class size should be drastically reduced.

A challenging atmosphere and the stated determination to make particular schools superior will attract teachers who derive maximum satisfaction from doing what they are best fitted for—teaching. They would be in sharp contrast to the present staffs of slum schools, which tend to attract self-denying educational evangelists, or drones who feel they have given their all by merely showing up for work. The very concept of slum school is self-defeating, and no teacher should ever become trapped in a school situation that makes him feel he is patching up society's failures. In a terrible denial of student potential, many teachers go to a particular school to help, rather than to teach.

One of the side effects of a rebuilding program will be immediate increased racial integration, as entire school populations will have to be reassigned during the construction period. Parents who fear that the introduction of non-white children into their schools will lower educational standards will discover that the performance of students in an integrated school will show improvement rather than deterioration. This was demonstrated in Berkeley, Calif., where a positive program to integrate schools stressed educational achievement. Without such an orientation, however, the introduction of Negroes into a school begins the process of neglect and unconcern that ultimately results in another inferior all-Negro school. It must be remembered that most all-Negro schools were at one time integrated.



Public education will never attain the dignity commensurate with its value to our society until schools are totally and completely severed from concepts of class, race or neighborhood. Every public school should be an excellent institution for learning, and we should build toward that goal. The first step is the elimination of the slum school, and the designation of the Negro neighborhood as the center for educational excellence, rather than the place where education is most urgently needed. To those who would call this program discrimination in reverse, the answer should be, yes, with the added observation that it comes not an instant too soon.

But the process of renewing a city's educational institutions should become a unifying factor, making it possible to view racial integration in proper perspective, as only one of the problems of urban education. Those who cling to the idea of the superiority of the neighborhood school, or the educational superiority of the all-white school, would now have to choose between their biases and the chance to benefit from educational excellence.

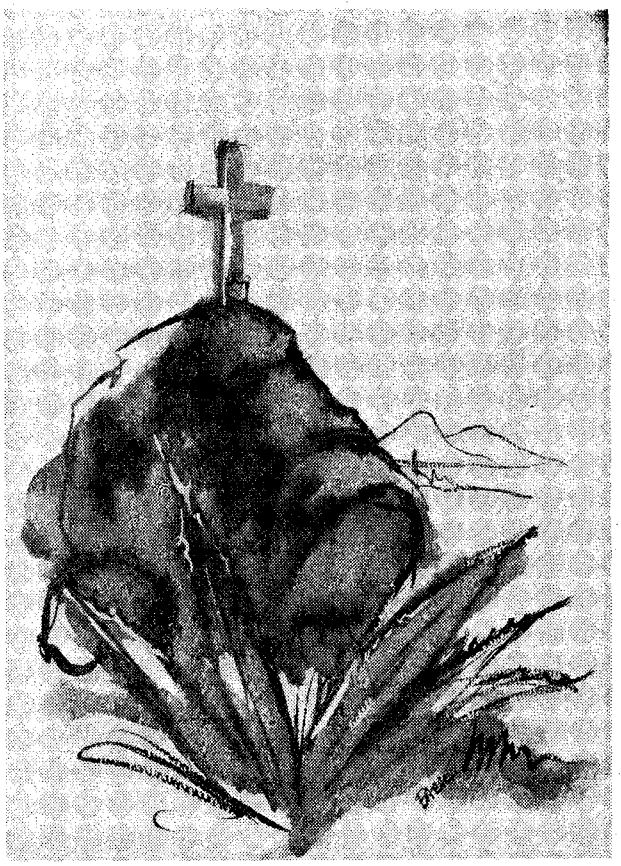
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LATIN AMERICA III

The Changing Role of the Church

SMITH HEMPSTONE

Mr. Hempstone is a foreign correspondent for the Washington Star *who is stationed now in Latin America. He has written two books on Africa and a novel,* A Tract of Time, *about Vietnam (Houghton Mifflin).*



One of the causes of social stagnation and political discontent in Latin America has been the weakness of its basic institutions. Political parties, frequently no more than temporary groupings dedicated to the promotion of the political fortunes of a strong man, have been and are lacking in ideology. The labor movement has been and is weak and politically dominated. The universities, hampered by a shortage of funds and bound by a traditionalist educational approach, more nearly resemble extensions of the political parties than institutions of learning. Family life, characterized by free unions and illegitimacy, remains unstable. Socioeconomic institutions such as credit unions have until recently been almost unknown.

In the flux of Latin American life, characterized historically by an almost anarchic individualism, one of the few institutions to display continuity, organization and universality has been the Roman Catholic Church. Accordingly, the influence of the Church on Latin American society, for better or for worse, has been profound. And today the Latin American Church, once rocklike in its inflexibility, is undergoing pronounced changes which promise to make it an even more effective instrument in the future.

Columbus carried the Church to the New World in his baggage. When Cortez's conquistadores hacked their way into the valley of Mexico in 1519, the priests who accompanied them smashed the idols of the prostrate Aztecs and "converted" the bewildered Indians by the thousands, a process facilitated by the coincidence that the cross also happened to be the symbol of Tlaloc, the rain god. The process was repeated in Central America, during Pizarro's cataclysmic overthrow of the vast Inca empire, and elsewhere across the length and breadth of Latin America (in Paraguay, the Jesuits created a closed, paternalistic theocracy over the Guarani Indians in which the Church *was* the state).

Once rooted in Latin America, the Church devoted all its vast prestige and considerable resources to the maintenance of a stranglehold over every aspect of colonial life. There was to be no tolerance of alien forces or liberal ideas. Late in the 16th century, the Dominicans introduced the Inquisition (in Mexico City's first *auto-da-fé* in 1574, one friar noted with satisfaction that "there perished twenty-one pestilent Lutherans").

Yet the early Church in the Indies was not a totally reactionary institution. Bartholomé de Las Casas, Bishop of Guatemala, made a concerted if unsuccessful attempt to protect the Indians of Mexico and Central America from the rapacity of their conquerors. And Las Casas was far from alone in his crusade.

But as the conquest receded into the past, so too diminished the missionary fervor of the Church. While isolated individual clerics continued to fight for justice and charity, the Church as an institution grew wealthy, degenerate and corrupt. Clerical concubinage became the rule rather than the exception, and the priesthood increasingly came to content itself with the formal ministrations of the sacraments, wringing gold and sweat from those whose welfare it was pledged to protect.

The thousands of priests, friars and nuns scattered across 18th-century Latin America (18,000 were in Mexico alone), many of them enjoying sheltered and unproductive lives in great monasteries supported by the labor of the Indians, lived beyond the law, subject only to the jurisdiction of their own ecclesiastical courts. The Church's wealth, expressed in terms of land, livestock and Indian *peones*, was immense and tax exempt. In Mexico alone, some historians estimate that the pre-revolutionary Church held title to more than half the nation's productive land.

Although the leaders of 19th-century nationalist revolutions which broke the power of Spain and Portugal in the New World had been strongly influenced by the European Enlightenment and Freemasonry, they were never able to shake the faith of the masses in Catholicism. Today, nearly two out of every five of the world's 580 million Catholics are Latin Americans. The Catholic proportion of the populations of individual Latin American countries ranges from a low of 72 per cent in French-speaking Haiti to a high of 97.7 per cent in tiny El Salvador. For the area as a whole, Catholicism is the faith of approximately 93 per cent of 200 million people.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet these statistics obscure a fundamental truth: despite its ubiquitousness and virtually absolute spiritual power in colonial Latin America, the Church failed in its mission to translate European Christianity to the New World. Even had the Church not been worldly and corrupt, the task probably would have been too big for it. Insofar as the Indians were concerned—and they form the common denominator of life in a dozen nations stretching from Mexico to Bolivia—pagan rituals and legends became intertwined in a twisted form of Catholicism which their ancestors had accepted almost in desperation as a last refuge in their destroyed world. It is no coincidence that the shrine of the Dark Virgin of Guadalupe, the patron saint of Mexico, occupies a site once holy to Tonantzin, mother of the gods in the Aztec pantheon.

The problem faced by the modern Church in regard to Latin America's larger and more evolved *mestizo* (mixed-blood) population, and in regard to the small but politically and economically powerful white group, is similar to that which obtains in some other areas of the world: Catholicism, when not antipathetic, has often seemed at best irrelevant to the lives and problems of the great mass of the people. Most younger Latin American priests are prepared to admit that the segment of the population that can be called Catholic in any meaninfgul sense of the word is not 93 per cent but somewhere between 5 and 10 per cent. While most Latin American children are still baptized (in Bolivia, the death of an unbaptized child is believed to bring crop-killing hail storms, thus exposing the offending parents to serious communal punishment), many do not marry in the Church or partake of the sacraments. There exists, then, a serious spiritual and moral vacuum in Latin American life into which both the Communists and a rejuvenated Church are trying to inject themselves as meaningful forces.

To a degree, the blame for this spiritual barrenness may be placed on the critical shortage of priests which has plagued Latin America since the late colonial era: today, there is only one priest for every 5,000 Catholics, as against a desirable ratio of one to 800 (in Honduras, and in many isolated rural areas, this ratio falls rapidly to one to 18,000). In many areas, the situation is becoming worse rather than better, with the number of seminarians failing to keep pace with Latin America's burgeoning 2.8 per cent rate of annual population increase.

But if priests have been too few, there are those who maintain, with some justification, that they have also been the wrong kind of priests: clerical concubinage, priestly drunkenness, and the charging of fees—small in themselves but desperately high in reference to the peasant's ability to pay—have done little to enhance the reputation of the Church. In addition, the Church's traditional posture as the political ally of the most reactionary elements of Latin American society has gone far to discredit it as a social institution in the period of restive awakening which has followed World War II.

Why was this allowed to happen? Why did the Vatican, with its extensive information-gathering mechanism, allow itself to become politically outflanked by the forces of anti-clericalism in Latin America? One liberal priest in Peru, a country dangerously close to social revolution, places the blame on the Vatican's papal nuncios in Latin America: "The vast proportion of the nuncios historically have been Italian traditionalists. They reported no need for change because they were personally incapable of recognizing such a need."

Be that as it may (and the explanation is a little too facile), the Latin American Church, since the papacy of John XXIII and now under Paul VI, has been making vigorous and effective efforts to rehabilitate itself, to make its ministry meaningful to the broad masses caught up in a whirlpool of social, economic and political change. Impetus for this change has come not only from the indigenous priesthood but from an ecclesiastical "Point Four Program" which has resulted in the injection of large numbers of foreign priests into Latin America (Cardinal Ritter of St. Louis, for instance, has promised to send 10 per cent of his diocesan priests to help out). The consequences of such a development cannot fail to be profound. In Bolivia, as an example, only six of twenty bishops and 200 of 800 priests are Bolivians.

The foreign clergy in Bolivia is by no means uniformly liberal or reformist: in addition to a substantial number of American, Canadian, Dutch and German priests, there also are large numbers of Spanish, Italian, French, Maltese and Mexican clerics, many of them conservatives. But the basic point is that the contemporary Bolivian Church (and the same is true of the institution in every other Latin American nation) is no longer a closed, isolated organization: it is constantly exposed to a variety of ideas and influences from every quarter. In such a situation, inflexibility and stagnation are not only unthinkable but impossible.

Some critics, both within and without the Church, feel that the concept of regenerating Latin American Catholicism through the agency of foreign priests is ill conceived, that to be meaningful and lasting such reform must come solely and exclusively from the Latin hierarchies. But most observers maintain that this objection overlooks the fact that important elements of the indigenous clergy have demonstrated their desire for reform but lack the numbers or the technical skill to realize new goals without assistance.

The existence of such liberal Latin American priests is a matter of record. The Church in Chile, under the leadership of Raul Cardinal Silva Henriquez, has been in the vanguard of social change, voluntarily distributing its rich estates to landless peasants, associating itself with the Christian Democratic policies of President Eduardo Frei, injecting itself vigorously into such traditionally temporal matters as trade unionism. In Brazil, Archbishop Helder Camara of Recife, often only half jokingly referred to by Catholic laymen as a possible Presidential candidate, has awakened the depressed northeastern region of the country by encouraging reformist lay organizations, working among explosive leftist student groups, and instituting literacy courses for slum dwellers. Some of his priests have followed the Archbishop's lead with sufficient vigor to cause conservative President Humbert Castelo Branco to jail a number of them. In Central America, still a stronghold of clerical backwardness, Bishop Marcus McGrath of Panama, the son of a gringo father and a Latin American mother, is playing a major role in promoting social reform in an area long a battleground between communism and reaction.

While the pace of Catholic renovation has been too

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fast for many clerics, change has come far too slowly for others. Camilo Torres was one of these. Torres, a blue-blooded playboy who found a vocation in the priesthood and an ideal in violent social action, fought long and bitterly for reform of the Colombian hierarchy headed by Luis Cardinal Concha, a traditionalist cleric of the old school. Already inclined toward Marxism ("I am a revolutionary because I am a priest and a Catholic," he told his superiors), Torres was packed off to Belgium for a period of reflection.

Returning unconvinced and unrepentant, Torres taught sociology and served as chaplain at Bogotá's National University, where he became the darling of leftist students. Despairing of peaceful change in the Colombian social order and stripped of his ecclesiastical duties, Torres late last year took to the hills as a guerrilla leader with the Castro-backed Army of National Liberation. Three months later, the handsome, 37-year-old priest died as he had elected to live, gunned down by an army patrol in a brief, bloody skirmish. His body lies in an unmarked grave near the Venezuelan border, but his name has become a slogan in the circles of Latin American communism.

But while the lives and deaths of priests like Camilo Torres dramatically point up the social inequities of Latin America and the failure of some Church hierarchies to combat them, they are personal tragedies rather than institutional ones. For the experience of such men as Father Torres is outside the mainstream of contemporary Church action. The young priest's death would have universal significance and value only if the Church had shown itself to be unwilling or incapable of renovation. Neither circumstance happens to be the case.

"The basic problems of renovation," asserts Monsignor Andrew Kennedy of St. Louis, assistant to the archbishop of La Paz, "has been and is to get the priest out of the sacristy into the daily lives of the people." Just this is happening all over Latin America today.

Church-run radio schools designed to eradicate illiteracy have mushroomed all over the continent, and now number more than 60,000. The credit union and home loan cooperative movements, triggered by the so-called "capitalist priest," Father Dan McLellan in Peru, have had equal success. Priests have assisted behind the scenes in the development of the Christian Trade Union Movement (CLASC) and in the formation of small but vigorous Christian Democratic political parties dedicated to social reform in a dozen Latin American countries.

Under the informal aegis of the Church, national unions

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Christian businessmen (USEC in Chile, ACDE in Argentina) have been formed in an attempt to ameliorate some of the more rapacious aspects of Latin capitalism. Organizations such as Techo (Roof) in Chile have been created to help workers trapped by their own poverty to develop new skills and entrepreneurial habits.

The same Dominicans who introduced the Inquisition have helped to create the Bolivian Institute of Social Study and Action (IBEAS), an organization which challenges doctors, lawyers and peasants to create a new and less inequitable social order. Priests of various orders have come into the universities, begun a dialogue among students of all political persuasions, and encouraged the formation of leftist but non-Communist students' associations.

Priests everywhere are getting their hands dirty. They are to be found in the middle of leftist political demonstrations, out in the fields showing *campesinos* how to improve their crop yields, holding open-air services in the Red barrios, doffing their cassocks to join in a game of soccer, something unthinkable a decade ago in class-conscious Latin society.

The use of the vernacular in the mass now is widespread (many clerics maintain, however, that this has served to increase the fervor of the faithful, rather than to win new converts for Catholicism), and the churches, most observers agree, are much fuller today, even in traditionally anti-clerical countries such as Mexico, than they were ten years ago. But the process of renovation, often speeded by the increased tempo of Protestant evangelism, is by no means constant, steady or universal. With a few exceptions, the Catholic hierarchies of Mexico, Central America, Peru, Colombia and Ecuador remain fundamentally conservative and resistant to change.

In Argentina and Uruguay, renovation is taking place but the process is slow and hesitant. In Venezuela, the Church under Archbishop Arias Blanco is progressive but wields little influence in that oil-rich and most materialistic of all Latin American nations. In Brazil, the most populous Catholic country in the world, and in Chile, the Church is keeping pace with and frequently taking a lead in social and political developments. In Cuba, a nervous Fidel Castro has whittled down the number of priests in the country to 220, a backhanded compliment to the resiliency of Cuban Catholicism.

Many problems remain, one of the greatest of them being the lack of vocations among young Latin Americans: enrollment in major seminaries in Bolivia, for instance, fell from 204 in 1950 to 163 in 1964. If God can be dead in the United States, he also can die there, even if the Church does become a more popular and liberal institution. Despite the vigorous rear-guard action of clerical traditionalists, most liberal priests feel that the battle for reform and renovation is won, that the passage of time will deal with the problem of elderly priests and bishops unable or unwilling to conform to the wind of change blowing from Vatican II. In this the progressives, who hold the initiative, probably are correct. But time is short and of the essence.

Social and political tensions in countries such as Guatemala, Colombia, Peru, Brazil and Bolivia are building up every day. From the Andean *altiplano* to the jungles of Central America, men have heard enough promises. It is action they now want and action they mean to have. A Church not in tune with the times, not in the vanguard of change, could be swept away with other institutions in coming explosions.

The fact remains, however, that the Latin American Catholic Church, neither as monolithic nor as all-powerful as it may on the surface appear to be, is both experiencing renovation and promoting social change of far-reaching significance. A rebuilt and inspirationally recharged Catholic Church is likely to remain one of the keystones of Latin American society in the transition from an old and tired social order to that of an uncertain tomorrow, the dimensions of which can be seen only faintly today.

LETTERS *(continued from page 202)*

works and services so that they are to be used merely as one compensatory device after private consumers (together with investors and foreign purchasers) have finished "gorging" and "have had their fill, or their swill."

This is simply not true. My text is studded with statements to the contrary:

"I strongly recommend in this book a policy of doing justice to our needs in those [education, health, urban redevelopment, and other public-service] fields. Apart from the intrinsic merit of that policy, which is the real point, it would also provide additional employment. But it would not, by itself, give us insured full employment.

"The government may—I hope will—expand its public-services programs.

"A considerable permanent expansion of public services and public works is much to be desired as a matter of achieving a better balance in our economy and society. Personally I think that this should be obvious to anyone who looks about him to see where it is that our progress has been lagging." (At this point I devote several pages to illustrating the thesis.)

I don't think this is the place to do more than just highlight the basic misinterpretation of what my book proposes. . . . But perhaps I could give one more quotation to put matters a little more positively. On page 33 I again refer to "the too-low levels on which many of our public services are now functioning," and to the fact that any liberal administration could be expected to urge increases; I then go on to say that my proposed Presidentially recommended level of consumer spending would have to be raised if Congress failed to accept all those recommended increases in public works and services, and end up by summarizing my proposal in this regard as follows:

"In other words, the President would give Congress a choice of *proportions* between government spending and private spending, but not of over-all *levels* of demand and activity in our economy.

"There could be more government spending and less private consumer spending, or less government spending and more private-consumer spending. The President's own preference on this, in the given circumstances, would be made clear. But an inadequate total for the two combined would *not* be one of the alternatives presented."

John H. G. Pierson

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

'He Made the Books and He Died'

THE FAULKNER-COWLEY FILE: Letters and Memories, 1944-1962. *By Malcolm Cowley. The Viking Press. 184 pp. $5.*

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF WILLIAM FAULKNER. *By Michael Millgate. Random House. 344 pp. $6.*

CHARLES T. SAMUELS

Mr. Samuels teaches English at Williams College. He has written for The Kenyon Review, The Yale Review, Commonweal *and other magazines.*

The literary world's recognition of Faulkner's genius was both shamefully slow and spotty. Perhaps that is why so many Faulkner studies strike one as penitential or, like Malcolm Cowley's pleasant but unilluminating correspondence, faintly elegiac. Nothing in Cowley's file adds much to our knowledge; the Millgate book, issued earlier, alludes to all the letters which are memorable.

That Cowley permitted Millgate to quote so extensively from private documents he was about to publish is only one sign of an endearing generosity. Cowley's file may tell us little about the great writer, but it casts a soft glow on him. Not that this was calculated; when we recall how crucial the *Viking Portable* was for Faulkner's reputation, the wonder is that Cowley can be so self-effacing. His brief account of the anthology's inception has a geniality which, under the circumstances, can only strike one as wonderful. When he first made the proposal, it "elicited some interest, but no enthusiasm." Faulkner was too lost a cause to seem worthy of such sumptuous commemoration: if only he were better known. Disappointed but undaunted by his publisher's response, Cowley took a friend's advice, divided the critical essay he had prepared for the volume, and issued the pieces in various magazines. Cowley tells us:

> Then suddenly, I had a call from the managing editor of the Viking Press. "It seems to us," he said, "that Faulkner is receiving a great deal of attention in the magazines." I modestly agreed.

The rest is history.

Cowley's geniality and Faulkner's cussedness make the file a couple of hours' tangy reminiscence. Millgate's book takes longer to read and gives rather less, but both volumes raise the same question. Isn't it too soon to turn Faulkner into a cultural monument?

In his commentary on the file, Cowley acknowledges that the *Viking Portable* introduction was only one crucial moment in the Faulkner revival. Though appreciative of Cowley's effort, Robert Penn Warren, reviewing Cowley's book for *The New Republic*, moved beyond its insights. Pointing out that Cowley's interpretation was a bit overly schematic, a bit literal-minded in its emphasis on Faulkner as Southern bard, Warren composed a list of topics for studying the master's fiction that has all but sustained Faulkner criticism for twenty years.

As Warren asserted, when Cowley published his collection the widespread view of Faulkner was of "a combination of Thomas Nelson Page, a fascist, and a psychopath gnawing his nails." Cowley altered this to a combination of Balzac, Hawthorne, and a rural fabulist, and Warren immensely sophisticated the valid, brilliantly timed, but slightly superficial rehabilitation which Cowley performed. Subsequent critics have behaved as if Faulkner did seamlessly join the 19th-century novel and American romance in the whole cloth of myth. They have analyzed, celebrated and genealogized his fiction as if the world he created were some vast synthetic vision with Biblical authority and few lapses from artistic grace.

In the last twenty years Faulkner has displaced Melville and James among American novelists as the main occasion for displays of critical ingenuity. Yet in the whole vast rite only two critics, Hyatt Waggoner and Walter Slatoff, have tried to understand Faulkner's fiction rather than merely explain or canonize it. Waggoner's book, the most large-minded of the general studies, is inconclusive and unassured, as one might expect in a period when most critics were losing their minds to atone for the bad old days of Faulkner's eclipse. Slatoff, more specialized in his approach, studies the rhetorical and thematic means by which Faulkner sought contradiction, but his findings too often reveal his own confusion.

For all their shortcomings, these writers should have pointed the direction to other critics, but a work like Millgate's shows how entrenched the complacency has become. *The Achievement of William Faulkner* is the sort of book one is always recommending as an introduction. It treats the work in chronological order, it provides scholarly background (comparison with manuscripts, source study, biography) without the thoroughness or method which might alienate the general reader, and it is both timid and conventional in its critical judgments. At this date, an introduction to Faulkner is more a venture in publishing than in intellection.

Both books are relaxed, accurate, thoroughly unoriginal, and designed for people who have entered the action where it is least dramatic. While critics and garrulous friends of Faulkner have been reducing him for twenty years into a known quantity—a boozy teller of tall tales and civic-minded tragedian—the main force of his work, with its roots in a tangle of perplexity and conviction that feeds every strong artist, has been ignored. What we need with Faulkner is not adulation, not even explication, but reconstruction: we need, by analyzing his texts, to reimagine the sensibility which created them. With temerity acknowledged, I want to indicate just a few areas in which his mind may be explored.

The Sound and the Fury, Faulkner's undoubted masterpiece, is nearly a perfect book. Only James's *The Ambassadors* can challenge its claim to supremacy among American novels in this century. But for all its complex scope, the commentators have served it well. *As I Lay Dying* remains to be fully explicated, yet it too keeps few essential mysteries. Critics of Faulkner, seeking to trace his inner dialectics, should start with those excellent novels of his second range: *Light in August, Absalom, Absalom!* and, in parts, the Snopes trilogy.

In these books one finds the anxieties, dilemmas and contradictions which the two supreme novels enshroud in the perfections of art. The most important passage in the Cowley correspondence comes as no surprise, but its implications remain to be fully grasped:

> I am telling the same story over and over, which is myself and the world. Tom Wolfe was trying to say everything, the world plus "I" or filtered through "I" or the effort of "I" to embrace the world in which he was born and walked a little while and then lay down again, into one volume. I am trying to go a step further. This I think accounts for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what people call the obscurity, the involved formless "style," endless sentences. I'm trying to say it all in one sentence, between one Cap and one period. I'm still trying to put it all, if possible, on one pinhead.

For twenty years now we have had critics discovering Faulkner's simultaneous time, or "frozen moments," or present pastness, as if Faulkner himself had not been thoroughly aware of the phenomenon, had not indeed made it his main expressive device. Artists are least aware of ambiguities in their favorite methods. This axiom is no less true of Faulkner because his device expressed a vision so commanding.

The past's vitality in the present always threatens in Faulkner to become sentimental nostalgia (recalling the decline in the work of his greatest contemporary, T. S. Eliot). The depiction of simultaneous time can involve a deficient sense of causality, can indeed condemn the writer to makeshift, mechanical notions of causality such as the reliance in *Light in August* on a narrow behaviorism which detracts from Christmas' tragic stature. "Frozen moments" can become lifeless friezes, activated only by an external and progressively nagging rhetoric, as in the portentous stylizations of *Requiem for a Nun*.

These deficiencies in Faulkner's presentation of time parallel deficiencies in his presentation of selfhood. Any of Faulkner's serious readers knows both Judith Sutpen's comparison of life to a set of interlocked people trying to weave a rug and Faulkner's great portrayals of people destroying one another (through pride, as in *The Sound and the Fury*, or ideology, as in *Light in August*) when each attempts to weave his own pattern. Few writers have conveyed so devastating a sense of the ruthlessness in our inevitable quest for self-knowledge. Yet in a novel like *Absalom, Absalom!* this major Faulknerian theme seriously counters another.

To establish the epistemological warfare behind Judith's tangle of egos, Faulkner creates for each of his narrators a point of view both partial in its accuracy and exemplary in its distortions: from Rosa's self-exonerating melodrama to Mr. Compson's self-serving cynicism. But the novel also wants to create a Southern myth, a synthetic vision of the ritualistic essence of Sutpen's tragedy. To create that myth in a world blandly relativistic and impervious to agony, Faulkner pitches his novel in a nearly hysterical key. Every detail is turned through incantatory repetition and oratorical volume into a supreme instance, a symbol of all life. Finally, the two themes threaten to neutralize each other. To sustain the narrative passion, Faulkner makes each of his speakers a vessel for his own anguished scream, so that gradually we lose that sense of separate egos which made the scream a fit response. Just as Faulkner sometimes cannot separate any moment from the flux of time in order to fix its causal place, so he blends each person into one great synthetic sufferer and we lose the particulars of anguish.

Triumph in Faulkner is a victory over logical comprehension. When Quentin and Shreve, in *Absalom, Absalom!* vanquish human distance, merge with Charles and Henry, their victorious understanding is a mystic affair of the heart. But the glamour in this triumph should not efface its clue to deep-set divisions in Faulkner's mind. Over and over in his work, one comes upon a distrust of language, from the strained satire of high-class blather in *Mosquitoes* to Addie Bundren's superb tirade in *As I Lay Dying* in which she compares action to the earth and words to an evanescence which vanishes in the air. Faulkner's style is an attempt at rendering simultaneity and mystic perception, but the normal mind and the syntax through which it expresses its thoughts are characteristically temporal and fixated on discreteness. The fundamental fact about Faulkner's sensibility is that it hates its own vocabulary. His involved sentences and incantatory rhythms are a war against language, in which every victory—and some are stunning—must retain some element of the Pyrrhic.

Of all modern American novelists, Faulkner is at once the most philosophical and the most antipathetic to logical discourse. This accounts, I think, for those strikingly ambivalent depictions in his books of all characters who might be called thinkers. Hightower is notoriously

SWEET TALK

One language surely lets us,
more than another, get at the thing
itself, each other. Attic Greek maybe,
the undraped Sapphic say, or Provençal
like honey shining on a rosy lip
when men in speaking felt, so came,
much closer.
Karl von Frisch,
after some forty-five assiduous years
of "work in the field," assures us
that, did German bees and English
happen on each other, putting up
in the same hive (Germans have
ever been
notorious travelers),
if one of the Germans found a horde
of nectar, as it communicated this
to its countrymen, the native English
would appreciate at once the treasure's
whereabouts. But would the taste
itself, the pollen,
pleasure,
cling to that fat fellow's buzzings,
in its setting Vermeer-mellow? Might it
not resent betraying its lush secret?
Also, would one nation gladly share
the wealth or readily forsake it
to the other?
But I've allowed
the slightest, academic hint of honey
to divert me. Language, its capacity,
had been what I was after. So I ask,
Are languages meant for meaning,
some more acquiescent to the will,
the feelings,
and the senses?
Or are they, roughly, equal ways
of signaling? Certainly old lovers,
having tasted all the sweet and moved
on to the sting beneath, can quarrel
more precisely than mere foreigners.
Wars civil must be
the most telling.
Take an artist working many years
on one small painting or, dissatisfied,
a crowded series. Is it that he means
to be devoted to his primal vision,
unrelenting often as he wearies,
no sleuth hotter
on the scent?
Or is he bent on a mystery
he cannot know until the last
stroke, like a sudden period, locks
it in? Or is he desperately responsive
to the moment, inside and out,
submitting to it
while he woos
and thereby hoping, should he think
of it at all, that the completed work
will somehow, even as it resembles
nothing but itself, be a reality
to the degree that it resembles
nothing but itself?
Each sunset,
we are led to believe, the day's last
utterance, as well as the peculiar
colloquy of its moment's clouds,
winds, smog (and all the sunsets gone
before?), is unique—recognizable,
believable, because unique.
Perhaps
speech's primary function is to speak.

THEODORE WEISS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the great hole in *Light in August*, but he is just as clearly Faulkner's spokesman. For all its power, the book is intellectually confused, and Hightower is the emblem of that confusion. At no point in *Light in August* can we assert that a way of life was solely responsible for the crucifixion of Joe Christmas; his tragedy is also self-inflicted. Yet the dominant subject of the novel is a way of life for which Joe's death must serve as judgment. The Christ parallel in its very incompleteness highlights the troubled sense of causality and significance at the heart of *Light in August*, for Christ's passion points to a sin more metaphysical than any mores can embody. The atmospheric "Dry September," with its vague last scene, prefigures the novel's mixture of a social causation personified in the evil Percy Grimm, and a cosmic destroyer at which his namesake McLendon ultimately peers. But atmosphere alone cannot clarify the issues in a novel, and *Light in August* remains indistinct.

Just as it shuttles distractedly between word and that which no word can capture, Faulkner's mind swings agitatedly between mere fact and universals. What is inferentially linked in *Light in August* and passionately invoked in *Absalom, Absalom!* became for Faulkner more and more a matter of rhetoric. In his later work, Faulkner declines into portent and thence into rant. Actions once portrayed in language, with some urgency beyond language, now become stylized gesture, wish fulfillment, outrageous stage managing. The point about such failures as *Intruder in the Dust* is not that they are propaganda, half-baked sermons but that their action is false and dreamlike. Old Southern ladies and boys turn detective to protect a Negro's life, Mink Snopes becomes a crypto-revolutionary, killing Flem in behalf of human dignity, and Eula becomes a suburban housewife anxious to maintain her family's name. Tragedy itself becomes domesticated.

However, these well-known failures are not simply signs of debility or old age. From the start, Faulkner's soul is torn between a poised desire to render life's "frantic steeplechase toward nothing" and a need to offer solutions. *The Sound and the Fury* wears the stone face of a mourning statue, but *Light in August* pulsates with what reviewers call "social conscience." That is why one of the last judgments over Joe Christmas is spoken by Gavin Stevens. This account of Joe's life in terms of the propulsive force of white and black blood seems to be talking of whiteness and Negroness, but if read in such a fashion is shockingly racist. One realizes that Faulkner is thinking of black and white as Hawthorne might think of it, as a Manichean romancer, and suddenly the division in *Light in August* splits wide. As we all know, Faulkner was a romancer as well as a novelist, but we have resisted knowing how unstable was the combination.

When a problem has been admitted, too often critics have been casual in examining it. Almost all of Faulkner's books are unsteady mixtures of variously revised stories, yet few critics have tested the implications of indecision or disorder in this famous fact. Since Cowley's emphasis on the coherence of Faulkner's Golden Book, we have treated it like some large Jackson Pollock made coherent through technical distinctiveness. But both Faulkner and Pollock sold their canvas in chunks. The one-and-the-many problem in Faulkner, which I have sketched for his handling of time and personality, makes itself felt first as a question of artistic form.

When face to face with Faulkner's notoriously imperial disdain for inconsistencies in the Yoknapatawpha saga, Cowley berates himself as a fool for questioning the great man, but these inconsistencies are notable precisely because Faulkner did not always refuse to deal with them. One can't, in advance, be certain what would turn up, but some critic needs to compare the instances of revision with those occasions when Faulkner effectively hid behind his plow.

Though Faulkner appreciated Cowley's efforts for him, he feared the project as an invasion of privacy. For an epitaph, he desired the words: "He made the books and he died." Of all modern writers, Faulkner was supremely certain that his writing was his self. What we want to do is search out that self, but in a mood of rigorous criticism and not belletristic geniality.

Wells and the Cosmic Despair

RICHARD HAUER COSTA

Mr. Costa's critical biography of H.G. Wells will be published by Twayne this November. He is currently on leave from Utica College of Syracuse University as a David Ross Fellow at Purdue University where he is a reviewer on the staff of Modern Fiction Studies. *He is now writing a book on the late Malcolm Lowry.*

H.G. Wells died in his 80th year twenty years ago. To an older generation of science-fiction readers, the photographs of astronauts astride the universe in a kind of cosmic sleep-walk may seem, in some curious way, familiar, recalling imagery from *The First Men in the Moon*, written by Wells in 1901. And who can say that the reports of UFO sightings are not a response to the human urge for wonderment in an age of computers; an urge to return to anything-is-possible times like 1898, when Martians invaded London in *The War of the Worlds*, or, again in 1938, when Martians landed in Grover Mill, N. J., via Orson Welles's radio program? Martian invasions on the Wellesian model quickly became the archetypes for all those B-grade films which present giant other-worldly creatures armed with death-ray guns threatening earth's comfortable inertia.

Travel into past and future time, secrets of invisibility and interplanetary warfare did not originate with Wells, but his name is attached, more than any other, to the mythical expression he gave to such subjects. The Argentinian poet-novelist Jorge Luis Borges goes so far as to say that narratives like *The Time Machine, The Island of Dr. Moreau* and *The Invisible Man*, which he describes as the first books he ever read, "will be incorporated, like the fables of Theseus or Ahasuerus, into the general memory of the species and even transcend the fame of their creator or the extinction of the language in which they were written."

This is high praise, coming as it does from a major contemporary artist, but it is largely lost today in a general disregard of H. G. Wells. For more than a generation it has been fashionable for critics to accept Wells wholly on his own terms; to take to heart his last words to Henry James about his preference for being journalist over artist; and to remember only the image presented by the last thirty years of his life. That picture of a world-state trumpeter invoking God and men to follow his lead toward a promised land drew the scoffings of literati of existential bent who were coming of age even as the aging prophet still tried to hard-sell the world a hope which his earliest and best books could not support.

Lately, after decades of neglect, a small coterie of critics—Bernard Bergonzi and Colin Wilson in England; Anthony West, Mark Hillegas and Robert P. Weeks in the United States—has been reassessing the earlier works of Wells, especially the scientific romances, and finding that at their core they imaginatively project a deep cosmic pessimism. These critics dismiss the tons of public journalism—nearly all the lesser books churned out

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after 1915—and, along with the late George Orwell, evaluate his 1895-1910 production as among the richest of the Edwardian period.

It is easy for critics who have read Eliot, Kafka and Sartre to misread Wells. Actually, though garnished by story-telling virtuosity, Wells's best books are grave warnings to mankind. The major works form a catalogue of forebodings: the end of intellectual life in *The Time Machine*; the resort to something very like brainwashing in the short story, "The Country of the Blind"; the catastrophe of uncontrolled experimentation in *The Invisible Man* and *The Island of Dr. Moreau;* the charlatanry of modern advertising and the unchecked horror of publicity in Wells's finest novel, *Tono-Bungay*; the development of intelligence at the expense of human sympathy in *The War of the Worlds*; the destructive consequences of irrationality in *The New Machiavelli,* an early (1910) forecast of political scandal à la Profumo.

If Wells had written no more than *The Time Machine, Dr. Moreau, The Invisible Man* and *The War of the Worlds,* he, rather than Aldous Huxley or Eugene Zamiatin, would have been accorded the distinction of being the father of the inverted utopia. Writing at Wells's death, and at a time when he himself was planning *1984,* Orwell called *When the Sleeper Wakes,* written by Wells in 1899, a forecast of a highly organized totalitarian society based on slave labor, a work which "comes extremely close to what is happening now (1946). . . in the modern world . . . and is an astonishing feat of detailed imaginative construction. . . . The extent to which it anticipates Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* and other pessimistic Utopia books has not been generally recognized." Wells has been frequently charged with wearing rose-colored spectacles, but he saw the failure of the human spirit to rebel forty years before Huxley and fifty before Orwell, and had sounded his warnings, sometimes using the same symbols they later employed.

In contrast to the tidy utopias created by the aging Wells, the early fictional landscape is a canvas by Bruegel. One glimpses, along with the first sight of the spearhead ship from Mars, a group of village urchins tossing stones at the cylinder that has fallen from the sky. One hears the bark of a cart driver as he pulls up at Iping Village with the luggage of the Invisible Man. One follows Mr. Polly into a roomful of similarly dispossessed tradesmen after his "bit of arson" has destroyed the Fishbourne Hotel but also made a lion of him for rescuing his landlord's mother-in-law. It is a landscape of disorder. Almost a casualty of the Victorian Establishment himself, Wells understood from first hand the private ordeals inherent in social struggle and extolled that struggle with a gusto second only to Dickens.

But the Bruegel landscape gradually blurs until by 1916, with *Mr. Britling Sees It Through,* a wartime bestseller in the United States, the setting has dwindled to a conference room. *Mr. Britling,* essentially a document, albeit an invaluable one to students of the Great War, sounded the theme for Wells's future work: fewer and fewer Mr. Pollys and Artie Kippses, more and more theories. This was the H. G. Wells who for the final three decades of his career would write tracts disguised as fiction, in pursuit of an equilibrium, a world order, which the humanist in him knew was unattainable.

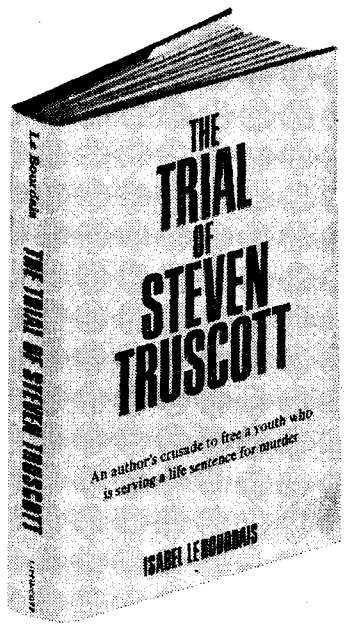
Thus Wells essayed the impossible: a leap over his shadow. For half his life the man he *was* conflicted with the man he thought he *ought* to be. The only value of his later idea-novels, of those symposiums where the main character is always on a platform, is to prove that to the day of his death H. G. Wells was never able to resolve the embattled claims of what Jung calls personae, those most cherished and private conceptions a man has of himself. Wells ushered in the century with an air of anything is possible. For a time his blueprints for new worlds, his heralding of a time when men's intellects would liberate them from the bondage of hereditary misery and the inertia of inherited comfort, caught the imagination of countless thinking men. "Later," Van Wyck Brooks sadly related in his memoirs, "the teaching of H. G. Wells lent itself to the saturnine jeers of an age that had lost all belief in the will and in progress."

By 1939, with the world on the brink of catastrophe, Wells roused himself for a last crusading voyage to the United States. Though Americans were disappointed in Wells's cockney squeak, his pleas for a world state were heard by thousands with the respect due an old man bearing a still famous name. Somerset Maugham recalled the twilight phase in a kindly memoir which concludes: "(Wells) was mortified that people looked upon him as a has-been. . . . When they listened it was . . . with the indulgence you accord to an old man who has outlived his interest."

So, almost concurrently with Hitler's invasion of Poland, Wells returned to London, his writing desk and his despair. In his late 70s, during World War II, Wells remained in the center of London, refusing to leave his home in Hanover Terrace. The world press' last pictures

Why has the case of Steven Truscott (convicted at 14 of rape-murder) caused international concern?

Read the book that "touched the conscience of a nation and stimulated a country-wide movement for a reopening of the case."
—THE NATION


THE TRIAL OF STEVEN TRUSCOTT
An author's crusade to free a youth who is serving a life sentence for murder
ISABEL LEBOURDAIS

In 1959, in a small Ontario town not far from Detroit, 14-year-old Steven Truscott was charged with the rape-murder of a 12-year-old classmate. Sentenced to hang, he ultimately won a commutation to life imprisonment. Isabel LeBourdais is convinced that the case was a miscarriage of justice — and her carefully researched and documented book, in which she gives the reasons for her conclusion, has led the Canadian Government to reopen the case. A new hearing is set for autumn.

"It is to be hoped that this book will be given the attention it deserves . . ."
— ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

"Steven Truscott will haunt every parent, and every human being who calls himself civilized."—HARPER LEE

At all bookstores • $4.95

Lippincott

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of him were those of an adamant Briton shaking his fist at the invading planes. The novelist Elizabeth Bowen tells of calling on him late at night at the height of the bombings. A trembling Wells came to the door. "But you shouldn't be frightened at all this," Miss Bowen remarked. "After all you invented it." Wells looked at her and said: "It's not the bombs, it's the dark. I've been afraid of darkness all my life."

Wells suffered a physical breakdown in 1942, from which he never recovered. Although he continued to write, he appeared, after Hiroshima, to lose faith. In his 79th year he published a curious, misanthropic and disorganized little book which, in its 37-page course, seemed to repudiate all he had ever stood for as a writer. In *The Outsider,* Colin Wilson places this valedictory pamphlet, *Mind at the End of Its Tether,* beside T. S. Eliot's *Hollow Men* as "the most pessimistic single utterance in modern literature."

Thus, a close reading, not only of his last book but of nearly all the novels of his last fifteen years, serves as a preparation for Wells's return to spiritual country he had never left. Their heroes, each bearing a replica of Wells's own moral history, either contemplate suicide, as in *Apropos of Dolores* (1938), or bow to "incessant anxieties," as in *Brynhild* (1937). By 1932, when he began to write his autobiography, life was so oppressive that it was impossible "to assemble my forces to confront this problem which paralyzes the proper use of myself."

One of his most significant, though little known, jobs of writing in his final phase was to revise for a limited edition the ending of his most famous story, "The Country of the Blind." More effective than any other works, except certain scientific romances and the last pages of *Tono-Bungay,* this story blends the riches of the humanist storyteller and the mystic visionary. To the myth maker at the heart of Wells, no imagery proved more obsessive than in this story. From his student days under Huxley, to his deathbed conviction that mankind had played itself out, Wells envisioned mankind as a giant struggling in an evolutionary whirl to achieve a millennium of happiness and beauty, but always forced back into some sealed-off country of the blind.

Essentially "The Country of the Blind," written in 1904, is a pessimistic restatement of Plato's allegory of the cave. A mountaineer named Nuñez comes unawares on a fastness deep in the Andes, where for centuries the inhabitants have been sightless and where all knowledge of sight has disappeared. At first, Nuñez brazenly assumes the truth of the proverb, "In the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king," and confidently expects he will become master. However, he finds that the blind inhabitants have developed other faculties; that in a land where no one sees, the sighted are the handicapped ones. Eventually Nuñez is forced to submit, and his submission includes giving up his eyes, seen by the blind as grievous and useless appendages. Nuñez rebels and endeavors to escape over the mountains, obliged to leave the woman, Medina-saroté, he has come to love. He dies, a worthless outcast, and the blind world goes on, self-satisfied.

Wells makes no major revisions until the final page when Nuñez, having made his escape, sees a fresh scar along the vast mountain. As certain of the impending collapse of the mountains as his creator was of the disaster the world was courting in 1939, Nuñez risks his life to rescue Medina-saroté from the valley of the blind. In a tacked-on epilogue, Wells reveals that the lovers escaped just before the mountain cracked. They live to tell their tale—among Nuñez's people. Then Wells, inexplicably, switches focus to Medina-saroté, now a mother of four. Her life saved by her husband's vision, she expresses no desire to see. Her last words are: "The loveliness of *your* world is a complicated and fearful loveliness and mine is simple and near. . . . It may be beautiful . . . but it must be terrible to *see.*"

Wells appears to be saying that blindness is the only bearable antidote to the coming catastrophe. He has reversed Plato's allegory by letting one of the prisoners of the cave (or valley of the blind) return from the light—unchanged. Although Medina-saroté knows that sight saved her life, she still prefers the illusions of the cave: blindness.

The contrast between the versions of his best-known short story reveals more about the fatal ambivalence in Wells than can be learned from the millions of words of hack journalism that occupied him during the fallow half of his literary life. That Wells at the end of life should go back to one of the acknowledged classics of his golden period and rewrite it to conform to a growing misanthropy is one more index to the truth that he failed to resolve the conflicting claims of the artist and the public educator. Although he flawed his imperishable story, he also provided undeniable evidence at the eleventh hour that his dark concept of the world—the concept that pervaded *The Time Machine* and *The Island of Dr. Moreau*—could no longer be held at bay by the optimism of his journalism and would, in the end, overwhelm him.

THE TALL FIGURES OF GIACOMETTI

We move by means of our mud bumps.
We bubble as do the dead but more slowly.

The products of excruciating purges
we are squeezed out thin hard and dry.

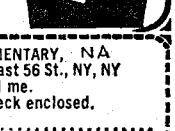
If we exude a stench it is petrified sainthood.
Our feet are large crude fused together

solid like anvils. Ugly as truth is ugly
we are meant to stand upright a long time

and to shudder without motion
under the scintillating pins of light

that dart between our bodies
of pimpled mud and your eyes.

MAY SWENSON

COMMENTARY
WORLD'S BEST MAGAZINE?


SEE FOR YOURSELF
☐ 7 Mo. Trial $4.79
☐ 12 Mo. $8.00
COMMENTARY, NA
165 East 56 St., NY, NY
☐ Bill me.
☐ Check enclosed.
Name.....
Address.....
Zip.....
Outside USA + $1/yr.

BUY YOUR BOOKS
through *The Nation*

Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book (except paperbacks), published in the U.S., at the regular retail price post-free. When ordering, please give name and author and publisher, if possible. Remittance must accompany order. Make checks payable to: The Nation, 333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dahlberg: Aphorisms & Poetry

REASONS OF THE HEART. *By Edward Dahlberg. Horizon Press. 159 pp. $5.*

CIPANGO'S HINDER DOOR. *By Edward Dahlberg. University of Texas Press. 67 pp. $3.75.*

FRANK MacSHANE

A graduate of Harvard and Oxford Universities, Mr. MacShane is the author, among other books, of The Life and Work of Ford Madox Ford *(Horizon).*

Edward Dahlberg is distinguished among contemporary American writers for the orderliness of his intellectual and literary development. Where so many poets and novelists have repeated themselves or become flaccid in their mature years, Dahlberg has become increasingly firm and impressive, both in quality and range. He early abandoned the naturalistic novel with which he began his career because he wanted to pare away from his work everything that was trivial or secondary. His object has been to render his vision of life in an increasingly distilled and enriched manner. The process has been painstaking, involving a thorough consideration of the American literary heritage, a study which produced such books of criticism as *Can These Bones Live* and *Alms for Oblivion.*

The publication two years ago of his autobiography, *Because I Was Flesh,* revealed what Dahlberg had accomplished in his long period of relative quietude. The account of his childhood is an authentic contribution to American literature. Because he was impoverished and orphaned, Dahlberg could not look back with eyes half-closed in sentiment to a Tom Sawyer America of elm-lined streets, frame houses and home cooking; rather he realized that his experiences contained the realities of an epic. He saw his own story in terms of ancient legends and myths—like the centuries-old adventures of poor boys in Bagdad and Jerusalem, Athens and Alexandria—and thus attained an intensity that few personal narratives achieve.

In moving away from naturalistic writing, Dahlberg was following a definite aesthetic principle. He had become bored with books concerned primarily with external phenomena, and suspicious of their value. "We have had many subhuman journalistic novels acclaimed because they are true 'facts,'" he has written, "although they are without moral reflection, learning or compassion." Words for Dahlberg are not merely tools for information and sensation: "A word that arouses some sort of contemplative or physical activity is good, and one that does not is base."

This attitude may appear conservative and liable to lead to excessive didacticism, as though Dahlberg looked upon himself primarily as prophet or seer. The publication of *Reasons of the Heart,* which is a book of aphorisms, tends to support this supposition. No other writer today displays similar interest in following the path of Hippocrates, Heraclitus, Pascal and La Rochefoucauld, and books of maxims have not been in prominent circulation since the end of the 18th century. The aphorism itself, a pithy or gnomic utterance of a generalized truth, belongs to a more ordered and structured age than our own.

Although Dahlberg would therefore seem to be taking a considerable risk in publishing a book of this kind today, it is his great triumph that in *Reasons of the Heart* he is neither old-fashioned nor tediously moralistic. His maxims are not warmed-over versions of La Bruyère or Sir Thomas Browne; rather they are distinct personal statements. Pushing beyond the stage reached in *Because I Was Flesh,* he has stripped away the anecdotal and circumstantial from his language without, however, losing his individual voice. This is an extraordinary achievement and is due to Dahlberg's skill in handling words. His nouns confront his verbs in a fresh manner, and his adjectives and adverbs are true modifiers: "He who claims to be just has a granite bosom." "Morality is the convenience of the rich and the misery of the poor." "Could I understand my dreams no tomb could shriek my horror."

Not all of the maxims in *Reasons of the Heart* crackle with pithiness, however. Some of the best are relaxed and humorous, such as: "The easiest way to seduce another man's wife is to praise her husband after which she will find your character very attractive." Dahlberg ranges over a wide variety of topics, from literature to food, from futility to lust, from solitude to sloth. His purpose is to deal with man's physical, emotional and intellectual concerns in an illuminating and orderly fashion, though the prevailing tone is stricken and bleak.

That a number of the poems in Dahlberg's new book of verse, *Cipango's Hinder Door,* are also aphoristic is only natural for, as Allen Tate observes in his admirable introduction, all of Dahlberg's writing is the product of a "unified intelligence."

The first part of the volume deals with the history of America—the Cipango (or Japan) that Marco Polo heard of in his travels, and to which Columbus thought he was sailing. But the America Dahlberg presents is not the glorious and hopeful new world celebrated by Whitman; it is a land marred and spoiled by the encounter of old and new. Instead of a new Atlantisian race, there grew up the race of Cain, a lonely, isolated and rationalistic people. America is not the continent of the whole man but of the shattered and disjointed individual—a creature of constant movement, haphazardly influenced by his multiple heritage from Greece and Judea, Mexico and Peru. The poems in which Dahlberg presents this vision combine narra-

Any 3 Best Sellers for $1 Each With Book Club Membership

	LIST
☐ GILES GOAT-BOY — JOHN BARTH	6.95
☐ RUSH TO JUDGMENT — MARK LANE	5.95
☐ ORIGINS: THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORDS — ERIC PARTRIDGE	16.00
☐ ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE GREAT QUOTATIONS — GEORGE SELDES	15.00
☐ GAMES PEOPLE PLAY — ERIC BERNE, M.D.	5.00
☐ NOVA EXPRESS — WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS	5.00
☐ UNDERSTANDING MEDIA — MARSHALL McLUHAN	7.50
☐ NON-VIOLENCE IN AMERICA — Edited by STAUGHTON LYND	7.50
☐ THE GINGER MAN — J. P. DONLEAVY	5.75
☐ LSD: THE CONSCIOUSNESS-EXPANDING DRUG — SOLOMON & LEARY	5.95
☐ MUSSOLINI: A STUDY IN POWER — IVONE KIRKPATRICK	10.00
☐ THE DEMONS (2 vols.) — HEIMITO VON DODERER	13.50
☐ LBJ — MICHAEL DAVIE	2.95
☐ MASTER POEMS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE — OSCAR WILLIAMS, Ed	10.00
☐ THE OLYMPIA READER — MAURICE GIRODIAS, Ed.	12.50
☐ THE COMMENTARY READER — NORMAN PODHORETZ, Ed.	12.50
☐ GOING TO MEET THE MAN — JAMES BALDWIN	4.95
☐ UNDER THE VOLCANO — MALCOLM LOWRY	5.95
☐ THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SLAVERY — EUGENE D. GENOVESE	6.95
☐ THE AMERICAN WRITER AND THE GREAT DEPRESSION — Edited by HARVEY SWADOS	7.50
☐ 1 in 7: DRUGS ON CAMPUS — RICHARD GOLDSTEIN	4.95
☐ NEGRO PROTEST THOUGHT IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY — Edited by AUGUST MEIER AND FRANCIS BRODERICK	7.50

Check 3 books wanted and mail with your name and address to The Mid-Century Book Society, 5 East 44th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10017. Only obligation is to buy three additional books in the next 12 months, at reduced member's prices, from the many to be offered. Invoice for $3 plus handling will accompany books. NA-15

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive with an evocative commentary which draws upon mythology, literature and natural history. The prophetic nature of the poems is emphasized by the employment of Old Testament rhythms and images.

Dahlberg's gifts as a lyric poet are most evident in the second part of the volume. Here the individuality of the poet's voice is more marked as it animates and unifies the material. The subjects, too, are more immediate and derive from felt experience. One poem opens:

I am sixty-three;
I go slow,
The bitter waters of dotage in my veins.
I have died a little in your company,
But so have you.

Another begins with these lines:

I am galled and stung and wonder why.
I am genial by accident,
Gray and hulled as the sea at noon,
And by evening rueful as a ditch
With no twilight to salve my bruised gorge.

Here language and form memorialize the experience and emotions. The poem becomes literature as it naturally incorporates extra-personal overtones and suggestions.

Together, *Reasons of the Heart* and *Cipango's Hinder Door* contain the distillation of a lifetime's experience. In technique, they reveal Dahlberg at a new level of artistic precision; in subject matter they show him still as alone and bitter as D. H. Lawrence told him to be—a prophet whom it is our folly to ignore.

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 9-12-66
333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

☐ One Year, $10
☐ Two Years, $18
☐ 6 Months, $6

☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed

(Foreign and Canadian Postage $1 a year extra)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

STATE ..... ZIP NO. .....

Grierson: A Strange Fish

THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS. The Coming of the Civil War in Lincoln's Midwest: A Contemporary Account. *By Francis Grierson. Harper & Row. 277 pp. $1.95 paper.*

HAROLD P. SIMONSON

Department chairman and professor of English at the University of Puget Sound, Mr. Simonson has published a critical biography of Francis Grierson (Twayne). He is the author of Zona Gale *(Twayne) and of two textbooks, most recent of which is* Writing Essays *(Harper & Row). He has contributed articles to* Antioch Review, American Quarterly *and other journals.*

First published in 1909, Francis Grierson's *The Valley of Shadows* never really caught the wide attention one might expect of a book so thoroughly American in its subject. All the more is it reason now to applaud Harper & Row's decision to reissue the book. For Grierson's *The Valley of Shadows* superbly re-creates the psychological atmosphere presaging America's "irrepressible conflict." It is an atmosphere unique to the Illinois prairie and to the rustic seers and prophets living on it, which in strangely mystical ways testifies to the apocalyptic dimension of both the Civil War and Abraham Lincoln, the Moses-like savior of the people.

Clearly the book has an important place in the Lincoln legend. In his introduction to an earlier edition (1948) Prof. Theodore Spencer called it "a minor classic"; Bernard De Voto, in his Editor's Note to the same edition, stated that he preferred to delete Spencer's adjective. In the same year (the hundreth anniversary of Grierson's birthday) Edmund Wilson wrote in a lengthy review that the book must "be taken seriously as literature." And Lloyd Lewis, in still another review, asserted that "this haunting book deserved revival long ago."

Grierson wrote the book in London many years after he had left the Middle West of his youth. Earlier, when he was less than a year old, his English parents had emigrated to the United States and had settled in the heart of Abraham Lincoln country—Sangamon County, Ill. It was living in a log house, playing freely on the prairies, awakening to the religious and political excitement of the times, hearing the final Lincoln-Douglas debate in Alton, knowing his family's house was a station on the Underground Railway, witnessing torchlight parades in St. Louis on the eve of the November election in 1860, serving as a page to Gen. John C. Frémont—these were the experiences nothing could efface in Grierson's memories and which later shaped *The Valley of Shadows.*

Yet it is curious that he waited so long to write this book, unquestionably his best. From 1869, when he first went to Paris (he was 21) to the end of the century he seemed to have irrevocably put these memories aside. Instead he hobnobbed with Europe's royal families, playing weirdly beautiful piano improvisations in their palaces and salons. He made friends with literary and musical celebrities including Mallarmé, Verlaine, Arnold Bennett, John Lane, François Auber and Samuel David. He conducted séances with General Jourafsky in St. Petersburg, with Madame Blavatsky in Chittendon, Vt., and with the spiritualists in both Chicago and San Diego. He wrote essays—fragile, impressionistic, resembling classical French *pensées*—for California's *The Golden Era* and for his own subsequent volumes bearing such wispy titles as *Essays and Pen-Pictures, Pensées et Essais, Modern Mysticism* and *The Celtic Temperament.*

But at the age of 61 Grierson imaginatively returned to the American frontier to write his *chef-d'oeuvre.* According to Van Wyck Brooks, who saw him occasionally in London at that time, Grierson was "solitary, poor and all but forgotten." Brooks called him a "strange fish"—a tall man "with his worn old tweeds, his drooping moustache, pink cheeks, and crimson

THE HOMECOMING

Now it is time to be cut out
of the wolf's belly.

It is time to come back home
with what one has brought

For those who were neither charming
nor caring.

It is time to tell all the tales
to a better night

And to thank especially the extra-
human, the birds along the way,

The dove that led through the forest,
the duck that let first your sister

And then you ride across the
dangerous river. It is time

For reunions that are themselves
compromises. In the firelight

You see the jewels you brought gleam
on the dead as they go on talking.

DAVID RAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

necktie. The moustache was evidently dyed and he rouged his cheeks, and that he wore a wig was also apparent from the white hairs that straggled out over his ears; and later when he was caught by the rain and obliged to stay in my house I was sorry that I could not help him in the matter of cosmetics."

A strange fish indeed, and a strange book too. In it Grierson sought to depict the "silences" belonging to the prairies, and "the voices of preacher and prophet and a host of workers and heroes in the great War of Secession." In a series of scenes and incidents which, according to Grierson himself, "nothing but the term 'mystical' will fittingly describe," he attempts to imbue history and specifically mid-19th-century American history with supra-phenomenal meaning. Presentiments like a prairie fire and Donati's comet warn of strange powers moving over the land, of oncoming war, and of one (Lincoln) who will come to lead his people through the valley of shadows. Grierson saw Sangamon County as an Edenic garden, its inhabitants as heroic pioneers who, because of their mystic relationship to the land, endure this time of testing.

Grierson's literary success is not only in sensitive lyricism and use of symbol. There is also accurate detail. Grierson's ear for frontier dialect rivals that of Mark Twain. His characterizations of Kezia Jordan, Elihu Gest, Minerva Wagner and preacher Azariah James depict the rough-chiseled but indomitable pioneer of both fact and legend. Such richly evocative scenes as "The Flight," "The Camp-Meeting," "Abraham Lincoln" (a chapter Carl Sandburg quoted from at length in his *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years*) and "The Torch-Light Procession" are indigenous Americana.

Grierson went on to write other books consisting largely of essays. They carry the same Victorian gentility, idealism and belated romanticism as before, but with a new tone of desperateness. Grierson now dared to envision what lay ahead in the new century. He saw the coming conflict as between not only ignorant armies but two ways of looking at life—the scientific and the metaphysical. And what he saw ahead was a civilization given over to a wholly scientific and mechanistic world view. Hearing the rumblings of war, he returned in 1913 to the U.S. In 1920, he moved to Los Angeles where, amid orange blossoms and occultists, he spent his last seven years and wrote a bizarre little book called *Psycho-Phone Messages*.

Francis Grierson will never be more than a minor figure in American literary history. Nevertheless, there is a place for him that no one else can fill. The same must be said for *The Valley of Shadows*.

Taking No Risks

TENANTS OF THE HOUSE. *By Heather Ross Miller. Harcourt, Brace & World. 119 pp. $3.75.*

BARBARA RASKIN

Mrs. Raskin is a professor of world literature at American University. Her special interest is in the contemporary American novel.

Although Heather Ross Miller's first novel achieved critical acclaim, her second, *Tenants of the House*, is a striking example of the bad fiction currently being produced by educated writers for a "trained audience." Equipped with the necessary Freudian presumptions and literary experience, this audience transcribes fictional shorthand into fully developed statements about contemporary life. Responsive to all the stylistic devices of modern novels, the readers collaborate with the author in assigning meanings, where none exist, to murky symbols and stereotyped characterizations.

According to a now well-established formula, Mrs. Miller selects her title from a poem by T. S. Eliot, an unmistakable emblem of her seriousness; raises an epigraph (from "Gerontion") as a key to be used in translation and composes a small Southern town (Johnsboro, N. C.) as an indicator of her wave length. Sleepy little Johnsboro, invaded by a large aluminum company from Illinois, is an instant-symbol of social conflict. The reader, well versed in the current tradition, immediately recognizes the pervasive threat of industrialism and, without being shown, knows that the smelting plant both supports the townspeople and smothers them with "dust." "You brush it away, but it comes right back with the next wind."

Mrs. Miller collects a conventional array of characters, each of whom receives "equal time." The narrator moves in like a helicopter to give aerial glimpses of

THE NATION SAYS:

"THE EUROPEAN BILL, 'GOOD TIMES, WONDERFUL TIMES' AND 'JOSEPH KILIAN', IS PROBABLY THE MOST INTERESTING MOVIE FARE AVAILABLE IN NEW YORK THESE SUMMER WEEKS."

GOOD TIMES, WONDERFUL TIMES

Produced and Directed by LIONEL ROGOSIN

NEWSWEEK SAYS:
"'GOOD TIMES, WONDERFUL TIMES' IS AN INDICTMENT OF HUMAN INDIFFERENCE TO INHUMAN DESTRUCTION, A CALL TO ACTION, A WARNING AND A PUNCH IN THE SOFT UNDERBELLY OF SOCIETY. IT SHOULD BE SEEN!"

CUE SAYS:
"'GOOD TIMES, WONDERFUL TIMES'...YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF TO EXPERIENCE THIS SARDONIC, POWERFULLY CONCEIVED FILM."

and Joseph Kilian

"Striking & Notable" Crowther, *N.Y. Times*

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA

7th Ave. and 56 St. PL 7-2131 12:10, 2:40, 4:30, 6:20, 8:10, 9:20

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE! With every **new** subscription to THE NATION

RUSSIA AT WAR

by Alexander Werth. 1,100 pp. Avon Publications. Paperback Edition, list price $1.65

A classic of war reporting by the distinguished European correspondent of The Nation which was on the bestseller list for weeks on first publication.

" . . . no nation in the history of battle ever suffered more than the Russians suffered in the course of the Second World War. At least 20 million lost their lives. . . . A third of the nation's territory, including nearly two-thirds of its industrial base, was turned into a wasteland—a loss equivalent to the devastation of all this country east of Chicago. . . ."
—President John F. Kennedy, June 10, 1963

" . . . an extraordinary book, one of the most important books yet written about World War II and certainly the most important yet written about the Russian-German War."
—Orville Prescott, New York Times

"There is no book in any language with which to compare Alexander Werth's monumental but exceedingly readable and controversial history of the Nazi-Soviet war, that four-year struggle in the East which, in the words of Churchill, 'tore the guts out of the German Army.' "
—Joseph Barnes, Life

"The best book we probably shall ever have in English on Russia at war."
—William L. Shirer

For your FREE copy of RUSSIA AT WAR, fill out the subscription coupon below and start receiving The Nation, this country's oldest (1865) weekly journal of dissenting opinion.

THE NATION 333 Sixth Avenue New York, N.Y. 10014

Herewith is my order and payment for a NEW subscription to The Nation. Please send me FREE a copy of RUSSIA AT WAR.

☐ One year, $10 ☐ Two years, $18 ☐ 6 months, $6
(Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 per year extra)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP No. .....

9-12-66

familiar scenes. Following the route of the town's newspaper boy, we "fade in" on Linda Earl, a young housewife lying on the couch dreaming about her wedding day while the kitchen sink fills up with dirty dishes. Because *Peyton Place* provided detailed instructions on how to interpret and understand Linda's problems, it is no longer necessary to waste time proving a case about Linda's neuroses. Mrs. Miller simply presents the situation and subsequently moves on to Christa Kulp.

Christa, "ten-going-on-eleven," watches life from her window, romantically stimulated by some dark mysticism brought into her house by a fat Negro maid. Poor Christa, verging on womanhood, must remain forever underdeveloped because literary clues rather than blood course through her veins. Delivered with all the proper baggage of beloved goldfish and moody daydreams, Christa is a frozen allusion to someone like Frankie, in Carson McCullers' *A Member of the Wedding*.

Beatrice, the Kulp's maid, predictably snitches swigs of Mr. Kulp's bourbon while ironing Christa's dancing costume of "thin green gauze with a girdle of paper roses." Bea is depicted exclusively by such stereotyped details, while Mrs. Miller depends on the reader to know (from Faulkner) that ladies like Beatrice "mean" something. Bea, of course, has a 99-year-old mother named Jancy, who drops dead at the end of the book. She also has a niece, Sunday Jo, who sometimes plays with Christa Kulp and talks about spooks, ghosts, graveyards and other favorite Negro subjects that affect sensitive little white children.

Also resurrected from literature is a 17-year-old boy, Gene Boyette, who is "wilting" sexually (like the African violets that rot in his kitchen) due to a long and close association with his asthmatic mother, Elizabeth. (Everyone is expected to know about asthma.) "Elizabeth could not turn pale because she was always pale; even in her healthiest moments she was of a pallor, not ivory or porcelain, but of the deathwhite satin that lines a coffin." Elizabeth, naturally, takes her pills with water from a long-stemmed crystal goblet kept on her bedside table. We need only a few such stenographic symbols to discover the proper Capote archetype. Indeed, Mrs. Miller shows great skill in manipulating Wolfean-rich types with Fitzgeraldean restraint and control. Why not?

Aside from the fact that not one but *two* sets of twins appear in 119 pages, there are no surprises in *Tenants in the House*. Everything has been "done" be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fore. It is not that previous treatment disqualifies a subject from further comment, but it is necessary that new insight be appended to existing constructs, if they must be used. Mrs. Miller's novel is a commonplace response of someone intimidated and inspired by the "contemporary tradition."

She has looked at reality through a screen of novels and paid her tribute to the masters by imitating their techniques. But the reproduction of a style that was successfully used in defining the American scene does not automatically produce a meaningful theme. Mrs. Miller's ambition to "equal" the major novelists caused her only to "echo" earlier achievements; she took her dictation from literature rather than from life.

Part of the responsibility for this kind of failure rests with the reader who is eager to contribute his skill decoding and deciphering standard literary shorthand. As long as we respond, with Pavlovean promptness, to the slightest suspicion of an ill-defined symbol, to any unformed character modeled after an awesome figure of universal significance, and to other fashionable "winning forms," young authors will never feel forced toward a truly personal stretch of imagination. Mrs. Miller was obviously sensitive enough to produce the skeletal outline for a panorama of life. She should be encouraged to take a few risks and let her stories be born.

THE GAME

And yet I've lived like this for years.
All since he quit me — caught the moon as round as aspirin
While, across the hall, the heartfelt murmurs
of the queers . . . I see my punishment revolving in its den:

Around. Around. There should have been
A lesson somewhere. In Geneva, the ferocious local whore
Lay peeled for absolution with a tricot membrane
Sticking to her skin. I don't remember

How it happened that I saw. The place was filthy. She would sit
And pick her feet until they knocked. Like Customs. She'd just wait.

LOUISE GLUCK

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The continuing screen vogue for portraits of heels very likely stems from a desire to capitalize on the notion of the anti-hero. If so, the film proprietors misunderstand the expression, as similarly they give us scenes of senseless violence under the impression that these are displays of the gratuitous act. An anti-hero is not a dreadful fellow in the role of protagonist; he is a mirror image of a hero, a man who confronts the overwhelming meanness of existence with the weapons of impotence. His is an elemental struggle in a drop of drain water and, as Kafka and Beckett have shown most memorably, he sets vibrating the nerves of our own experience.

The parade of egomaniac bastards who have recently been dominating the "serious" cinema have no such dramatic force. They appear in films of varying quality, but in every case that I can recall they induce fidgets from about the midpoint because they are too uncomplicated, too arbitrary, too predictable. In an opening scene or two you learn what vice this chap personifies—customarily it is lust or greed—and from then on you can confidently anticipate how every encounter will develop down to the final ironic comeuppance.

Alfie, directed by Lewis Gilbert and starring the standing-room-only attraction, Michael Caine (*The Ipcress File* and *The Wrong Box*), tries to make a virtue out of the moral flatness of this genre by instructing the protagonist to address the audience directly at every turn of the action. The effect here of this resurrected mannerism is as abashing as a temperance-society lecture on the horrors of drink, and if you don't happen to be burdened with Alfie's weakness—which is to seduce, exploit and degrade every woman who comes within arm's length—the sleazy record of his career is painfully banal. Such gents certainly exist, but dramatically speaking, who cares? An obsessive womanizer is no more rewarding in the theatre than an obsessive knuckle cracker. Scripts that employ tics as subject matter are doomed to futility.

The makers of *Alfie* have tried hard to overcome its essential triviality. For one thing the dialogue is energetically colorful and at times downright poetic, the result being that Alfie's IQ seems to fluctuate like the fever chart of a malaria victim. Then, too, some suspense is fabricated by giving Alfie "soft" moments, as when he shows affection for the child he has fathered on one of his "birds." But these moments are frustrating because they are merely grafted onto his callousness and fall off without effect. Symbolism is attempted, for example, at the beginning and end of the picture when we are shown a mutt whose main characteristics are a pleasing wiggle and an industrious lust—but the main effort is directed toward making plausible Alfie's mesmeric effect on the opposite sex. Women in the audience may feel the excitement, but it seemed to me that Caine lacked the charm of subtlety and was sweating rather freely. Fortunately for him, perhaps, only Shelley Winters among his ladies has any sense of humor and she, by exception, knows precisely what Alfie is good for. The picture comes to comic life when Caine and Miss Winters share the screen—two meat eaters prowling the same cage—but her participation is minor. For the remainder of its two hours, *Alfie* is sentimental, repetitious and for all its color and animation simple-minded.

Another heel's chronicle is *The Idol*, starring Jennifer Jones and Michael Parks, but I fled from that after an hour. It is a case of anti-acting by performers uttering anti-speech; running your fingernails down a blackboard would be enticing by contrast.

WORLD'S BEST?

TRY IT AND SEE

☐ 7-month subscription —$4.79 (reg. $8 per year)
☐ Commentary Card catalog—10¢ (handsome reproductions of historic Jewish art)

COMMENTARY NA
165 East 56th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022
Name
Address
City State Zip

$2.95 each

SAVE YOUR COPIES OF THE NATION

• Each file holds a full year's copies.
• Jesse Jones Volume Files for every publication.
• Covered in durable leather like Kivar, title embossed in 16 Kt gold.
Satisfaction guaranteed

Attractive and practical for your home or office
3 for $8.25
ORDER NOW — send check or money order.
MAGAZINE FILE CO.
520 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

FREE DESCRIPTIVE FOLDER UPON REQUEST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THOMAS ADAMS FOR THE SENATE

On August 18 there appeared in *The New York Times* a full page ad, which stated in part:

> "Voters in most states are denied the opportunity to express their views on the Vietnam war. Candidates of both parties are committed to a policy of war, escalation, and possibly destruction. We do not believe these views reflect the sentiments of the American people.
>
> In Massachusetts, one candidate for the Democratic nomination for the United States Senate is bringing a choice to the electorate. He is **Thomas Boylston Adams**, a direct descendant of two United States presidents, who is speaking out vigorously against President Johnson's war.
>
> Tom Adams speaks for Americans throughout the nation who believe that the Asian war degrades the ideals of our great Democracy.
>
> . . . 'The issue is between the people of Massachusetts and the President of the United States. A vote for Adams is a vote of no confidence in the present administration. A vote for Adams is a vote for Democracy and a return to the rule of law and the balance of powers set up by the founders of our nation to protect it against tyranny.
>
> By guile and by subterfuge the President has carried the nation into war without consent of Congress or debate in the Senate.
>
> The purpose of the war is now made clear. It is to establish American power permanently on the Asian mainland.
>
> There is a crisis of confidence in the United States. When John Kennedy lived, we lived in an era of hope. When a mistake was made, it was admitted. Now when a mistake is made, another is made to blot out the memory of the previous blunder.'"

On July 28, Walter Lippmann wrote to **Tom Adams** in these terms:

> *Dear Tom: Your statement . . . tells the truth, but it tells it without weasling and hedging and fudging. I am astounded. Do you mean to say that you think that the voters of Massachusetts are capable of listening to the unvarnished truth, that their stomachs are strong enough and their hearts are stout enough to accept, even to like, being talked to by their politicians as honest men talk privately to honest men? What a Commonwealth, that it can produce men who act like free men, that is to say, are unafraid . . .*

What Tom Adams says in Massachusetts applies as well to every Congressional district, to every state in the nation. His voice deserves to be heard beyond his own state. On the Vietnam issue, this country is like one precinct. Consequently even though I live in New York, I have taken the initiative to place this ad in behalf of Tom Adams. Let other citizens take similar initiatives, to give fresh meaning to our democracy and to our politics. If you don't have a peace candidate to support in your district or your state, join with others to have Tom Adams' statement reprinted in your local newspaper, and send it to your Representative and Senator.

Serge Lang

You can get copies of the full statement, and also send contributions and make checks payable to:

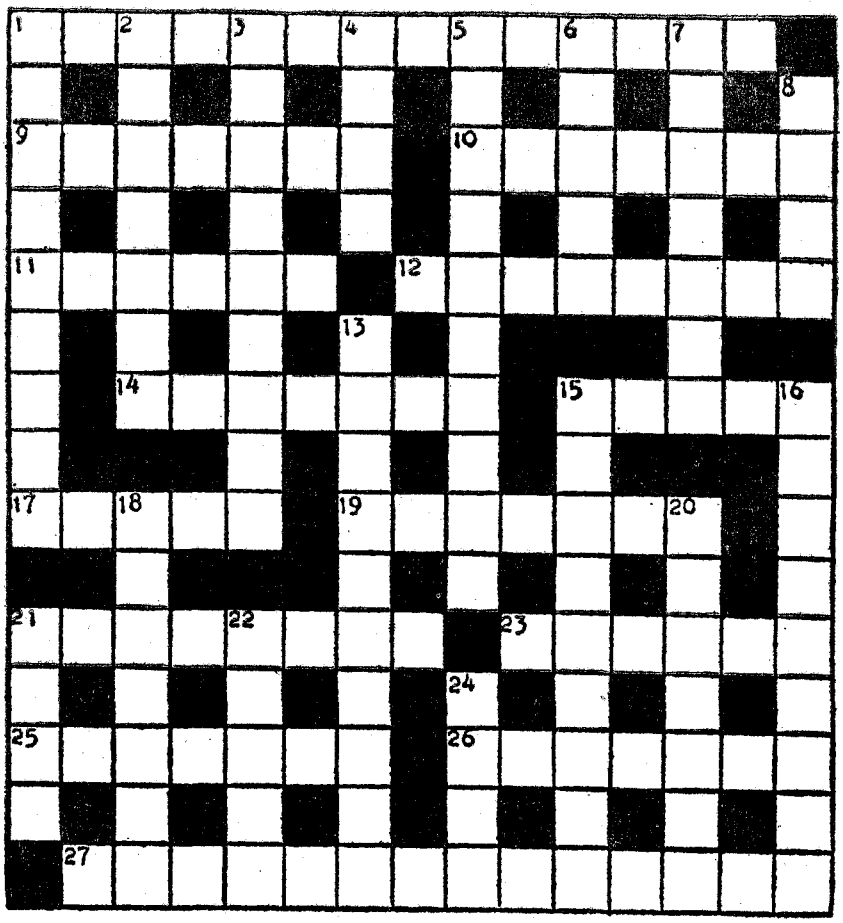
ADAMS FOR THE U. S. SENATE

387 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 02108 **Telephone: 617-482-2025**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1166

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A writer might refer to it as water, in the spring. (6, 8)
9 Eggs, scrambled, since it so appears. (7)
10 Is it quite bright to rave about the backward help? (7)
11 and 17 Tidies up the nest when the beaver is gone? (5-6)
12 Handsome cape, considering the proportion of gold. (8)
14 Might be tending to hurry back and confess. (7)
15 Possibly unlit up to now. (5)
17 See 11 across
19 It's elementary for one reputedly good with the hammer. (7)
21 Where the film might be shown secretly. (2, 6)
23 Hold out your arms, by the sound of it, for the Japanese boss. (6)
25 Somehow it cries for the controversial. (7)
26 See 13 down
27 No matter how well written, a eulogy could hardly qualify. (9, 5)

DOWN:

1 This local disturbance would certainly not be immaterial. (9)
2 Uncle Andrew dragged away from it? It's not very nice! (7)
3 Snub someone and manage to get away with it? (3, 3, 3)
4 Ought to be new wine. (4)
5 Black ruler, not in the uprising associated with Booth. (10)
6 Part of the bird is missing a crest. (5)
7 Is "giddy-up" suggested, by foot? (7)
8 To get up is patriotic, if American. (4)
13 and 26 across Currently speaking of the past, French tennis balls for Henry? (10, 7)
15 Did he act as though he might inherit the earth? (5, 4)
16 Long-handled glasses? (9)
18 It might be a trailer about the brief account of a preventative. (7)
20 Rough game, not for one that should have spark. (7)
21 Composer? Inventor? Lithographer? (4)
22 Music to bring up in the old opera house? (5)
24 Copies of 7, but not the socially organized type. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1165

ACROSS: 1 Franciscan; 10 Rampage; 11 Instill; 12 In a pinch; 13 Evade; 15 Hosed; 17 Obfuscate; 19 Well water; 21 Rowel; 23 Romeo; 24 Outboard; 27 Alienee; 28 Oldline; 29 Hugo; 30 Wainwright. DOWN: 1 Fore; 2 Almonds; 3 and 6 Champions; 4 Sternpost; 5 Amish; 7 Okinawa; 8 Saltarello; 9 Assessor; 14 Shower bath; 16 Dew point; 18 First-born; 20 Limping; 22 Warning; 24 Opera; 25 Order; 26 Bent.

ART

Sept. 11-Oct. 2

Social Paintings of Our Times

by

R. FASANELLA

HUDSON RIVER MUSEUM
511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers, N.Y.
Tues.-Sat. 10-5 Sun. 2-5

ORIGINALS COST LESS THAN REPRODUCTIONS! Contemporary original signed etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, $3.50. Guarantee. Free brochure. **GRAPHIC CIRCLE (NA), 68 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10011.**

PUBLICATIONS

"SELECTED POEMS" of George Flynn (Villiers of London, $2.00) is "the most exciting American poetry since Ezra Pound."—James Turner. **Available in U.S. from the author at 544 — 82 St., Brooklyn 9, N. Y.**

THE IDLER. Lively, offbeat liberal monthly. Fun to read. Send $2 for trial year's subscription. **IDLER, 413 6th Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002**

HOMOSEXUAL theme fiction, non-fiction listing available free. **Trojan Book Service, Box 2121B, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103.**

BERKELEY is where the ACTION is! The Scheer Campaign has transmuted itself into the **Community for New Politics.** Keep up with the heart of the protest movement! Subscribe to the **Communique for New Politics. Send $2.50 to CNP, 2214 Grove Street, Berkeley, California for a year's subscription.**

Antidote to Capote
History in the Open

Why fester in quicklime morbidness with his Dust-Bowl ghouls in locale of sodden dreariness when just beyond loom Rockies tops lit up gloriously (p. 85-87). Other episodes galore, all U.S. annals. **PANORAMAS,** concise text, unique insights. A real book innovation, its super-graphic pages absorbed at a glance.

$2 postpd., 200 pp., cloth
B. F. JOHNSON
Box 2306, San Diego, Calif. 92112

PERSONALS

Legalize Abortion

Humanitarians and libertarians desiring to take independent lawful action to quicken legalization of abortion are invited to contact:
LEGALIZE ABORTION
P.O.B. 24163, Los Angeles, Cal. 90024

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)

Advertising Rates
CLASSIFIED
74c a line (6 words)
Three-line minimum
CLASSIFIED DISPLAY
$7.42 per inch (minimum)
The NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014
242-8400

Composition by R.C.R. Publication Printers Corp., N.Y.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now Available for the First Time!

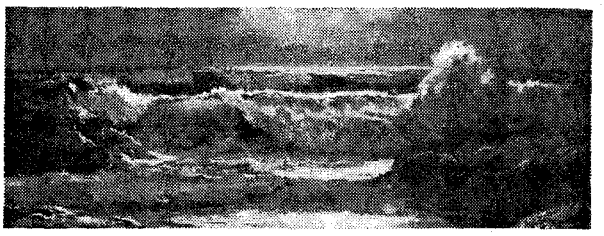
Splendors of the Sea

At Last! 4 Famous Artists' Greatest Triumphs! The Brilliant Climax of Lifetimes Dedicated To Painting the Natural Splendor of the Sea.

"Evening Tide," Maurice Myers

"Rockbound Surf," W. Westal

"The Sea in Sunset," Robert Wood



"The Golden Sea," Philip Shumaker

Fabulously Beautiful Original Oil Paintings Now Yours as Full Color Murals. All 4 for ONLY $3.

NEVER before in the history of art have 4 famous artists so successfully captured the exquisite beauty and grandeur of the swift-changing moods of the sea.

Robert Wood, America's most famous seascape painter, magically shows how a setting sun turns the whole sea copper. Prize-winning artist Philip Shumaker paints the rugged New England coast so faithfully you can almost hear the crash of wave on rock. Westal's and Myer's expert marine studies, too, are treasured by art collectors and home decorators. But the small black and white illustrations here cannot show you the beauty and enchantment of the sea captured by the artists. Only when you see the exquisite changing colors in large full-scale can you appreciate the beauty and color they will bring to your home. These are the artists' greatest achievements — the exciting climax of 4 lifetimes dedicated to painting the natural splendors of the Sea. We are privileged to offer these magnificent reproductions to you.

OFFER WILL NOT BE REPEATED

Act now. Take advantage of this Special offer by ordering your full color reproductions now while the supply lasts.

We will rush all 4 to you for $3. postpaid. Each Giant Mural is a full 13″ x 31″ and you will be thrilled with the fresh color and beauty they will add to your home or office.

HOME DECORATOR SERVICES
COLLECTOR'S ITEMS Studio 912 N
54 Church Lane, Westport, Conn.

Please send me the 4 full-color "Splendor of the Sea" prints for only $3.00 postpaid on full money back guarantee if I am not delighted.

Enclosed is $

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

SAVE! SPECIAL OFFER: Order 2 sets of all 4 prints for only $5.00 on same Money Back Guarantee. (You save $1.00) Extra sets make perfect gifts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED